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41 1 79 0 1 75 0 1 74 0

42 1 85 0 1 81 0 1 80 0

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37 1 54 0 1 50 0 1 49 0

38 1 60 0 1 56 0 1 55 0

39 1 67 0 1 63 0 1 62 0

40 1 73 0 1 69 0 1 68 0

41 1 79 0 1 75 0 1 74 0

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1840.

REVIEWS

The Natural History of Society: an Essay towards discovering the Origin and Course of Human Improvement. By W. Cooke Taylor, Esq. L.L.D. 2 vols. Longman & Co.

This work, as appears by the preface, was suggested by the Archbishop of Dublin, and has had throughout the benefit of his Grace's assistance and superintendence. "The design is to determine, from an examination of the various forms in which society has been found, what was the origin of civilization,—and under what circumstances those attributes of humanity, which in one country become the foundation of social happiness, are, in another, perverted to the production of general misery."

To reconcile the diversities of condition under which the various races and nations of men are found to common principles,—to trace these varieties backwards to the sources at which the divergency takes place, with the same precision with which a Cuvier might follow back the organic varieties which are the pronunciations of varying species, to the early point at which they merge in a common type,—would be a task of immense magnitude; implying a clear vision over the whole field of ethics, and all the scientific paths that lead into it; and we cannot but believe that Dr. Taylor found it prudent, in the progress of his undertaking, to narrow the inquiry. At any rate, the terms of his proposition, as here set forth, are far too comprehensive for the argument which he has built upon it. The inquiry is not into what is the natural state of man,—not as to the original condition in which nature had originally placed him, as preliminary to an attempt to track him along the many paths by which he had issued out of it,—but into the state for which she had best adapted him, with reference to his power and capacity. The end, rather than the roads leading to it, is the subject of the author's argument: in other words, whether the happiness of man is best promoted by the cultivation and use of the high faculties with which he has been intrusted, or by their condemnation to an inertness which would impeach nature of a waste nowhere else exhibited throughout the range of her creations. The comparative contributions made by barbarism and civilization—assuming the leading element of the first to be stagnation, and those of the second, development and progress,—towards the prosperity of the human races, is the general object of the author's discussion. Dr. Taylor is, of course, the advocate of civilization; and in no school of modern philosophers, we suspect, will he find any disputant to maintain the opposite thesis. He has surely read the poets somewhat too seriously, when he raises to the dignity of a doctrine their rhapsodies in honour of blissful ignorance and primeval simplicity. Their golden age of innocence, virtue, and happiness, while it excluded the sophistications which follow in the train of the arts, and throw dark shadows in their sunshine, was nevertheless coloured by the arts themselves, and was as unlike as possible to those pictures of savage life, which the Doctor reproduces in his pages to confound his supposed adversaries. The arcadians of the pastoralists were far better company, he may depend upon it, than the aborigines of New Zealand, to whom he takes such just objection; but even if they, and such as they, were to be taken as the representatives of barbarism, for the purposes of the discussion raised by these volumes, the occasional praises lavished upon the simple virtues which grow in such soils, as contrasted with the corruptions engendered by the hot atmosphere of civilization, must not be accepted as the expression

of a deliberate and final preference of the former over the latter in all the respective conditions of each, on which to maintain a thesis or base a philosophic conclusion.

But, though we think that the author is fighting with shadows, if he imagine that he really has the barbaric prejudice to contend against in the persons of any class of moralists, yet we are bound to say, that his pages are full of valuable and pleasant illustrations of truths which cannot be too earnestly enforced. These illustrations naturally lead him over most of the topics discussed by publicists; and though the fact of his having the discussion wholly in his own hands, now and then induces him, even in its minor branches, to set up a windmill, and call it something else, for the purpose of tilting at it,—though he, not unfrequently, mounts an argument for that species of logical exercise which is obtained by riding in a circle,—does not always state his adversary's position quite candidly, at all events quite correctly, and often overlooks some of the modifying conditions of the particular question before him,—yet his volumes are everywhere full of suggestive matter, and throw light on many points of morals, abstract and political. We, ourselves, frequently fall out with him by the way, but agree with him in the general direction taken, and unequivocally in the end attained. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with giving a few extracts, rather as specimens of his manner than his method, and with transferring to our columns some of the entertaining facts to which he refers in illustration of his subject.

In combating the argument against the cause of human improvement, which makes organization answerable for the varieties of intellectual development, Dr. Taylor has the following remarks:—

"It is then asked, whence arise all those differences in civilization discovered by travellers? and many philosophers ascribe them to specific differences in the human race. Capacity of civilization is declared to depend on organization; and the organic differences between the several races of men are declared to be sufficient to constitute them distinct species. This is a subject too important to be summarily passed over, but at the same time it could not be fully discussed without entering more deeply into philosophical researches than would be consistent with the character and design of this work. A selection of the most important facts necessary to the formation of an opinion, will perhaps be sufficient to justify us for treating all the varieties of the human race as belonging only to one species. Dr. Lord's admirable work on Physiology, one of the best popular treatises on science that has ever been published, has shown that the varieties of form, colour, and organization in the different races of men are not greater, nor indeed so great as those which occur in the lower orders of creation within the limits of the same species. The term of duration, and nearly all the periodical changes of life, vary but slightly in all races of men. All human contagious and epidemic diseases are capable of exerting their pernicious influence on all the tribes of men, though some suffer more than others. Dissection exhibits more unity of type in the most discrepant varieties of man than is to be found in the unquestionable varieties of species among the lower animals. It is therefore contrary to anatomy, physiology, and analogy, to consider the existing varieties of the human kind as different species. All are aware of the fact, that changes are wrought in the form, colour, and constitution of organized bodies by culture, food, and alterations in the mode of life. This is particularly the case with fruits, flowers, and vegetables; the potatoe, for instance, is now a very different plant from that which Sir Walter Raleigh brought from South America. Similar changes, from like causes, take place in animals, but the process is slower: 'animals,' says Boerhaave, 'have their roots within their bodies,' and consequently the changing cause is generally nutrition. It

may also be remarked that the higher the organization the more difficult is the development of a peculiarity, and also the more permanent is the peculiarity when formed. The variegated holly will return to the common green holly when propagated by seed, and can only be preserved as a variety by grafting; but very little care is requisite to perpetuate a peculiar breed of swine or sheep. Mankind is not exempt from such influences: want of light and air acts very injuriously on the race: it was found that an immense proportion of monstrous births occurred in France among those who had taken some deserted quarries for their residence, and in consequence the caverns were destroyed by order of the government. Cretins are produced in some parts of Switzerland, from the operation, probably, of some atmospheric peculiarity; and Albinoe are so frequently produced in the isthmus of Darien, that some travellers regarded them as a distinct tribe. Dr. Lord has minutely examined the modes in which peculiarities may be produced and propagated: it will be sufficient for us to show the fact of their being perpetuated. Frederick I. of Prussia collected tall men from all parts of the globe to form a regiment of gigantic guards at Potsdam, and Dr. Foster assures us that the greater part of the present inhabitants of the town and its vicinity are remarkable for their extraordinary height. Major Henry Bevan declares that he could distinguish the several castes in India by their respective peculiarities of countenance. We are all familiar with the marked traits that characterize the physiognomy of the Jews and Parsees; and finally, the thick lip first introduced into the house of Hapsburgh by intermarriage with the Jagellons, has been hereditary in the reigning family of Austria for centuries. We can trace very marked peculiarities in men unquestionably descended from the same stock. In America, how different is the tall, lank, gaunt Virginian from the squat, plump, round-faced New Englander. The children of the settlers in New South Wales are tall, thin, and weaker than the European average; they are therefore regarded by Europeans as a depreciated race, and nick-named *Currency*, while the Europeans proudly call themselves *Sterling*. The *Currency* lads and lasses are distinguishable at a glance, and in the course of time no doubt their peculiarities will be as strongly marked as those of the Virginian or New Englander. Constitutional peculiarities are well known to be hereditary in families; but it is of importance to observe that the peculiarities thus propagated are congenital and not accidental. No one expects to see a child born with a glass eye or a wooden leg, because the parent has been forced to use such substitutes; and it would be equally absurd to expect that children would be deficient in limbs because the parent was maimed: but tendencies to gout, consumption, insanity, affections of the stomach or liver, unquestionably descend by inheritance. There is family disease as well as family likeness; 'a nose,' as Washington Irving pleasantly observes, 'repeats itself through a whole long gallery of family pictures'; and 'ditto repeated,' says Sir Astley Cooper, 'is no uncommon entry in the ledger of the family apothecary.' * * These considerations are sufficient to justify us in asserting the unity of the human species: though we cannot tell when and how varieties have arisen, we can see the possibility of their having originated, and being perpetuated, when men were few and families widely separated from each other. We can also see a cause for the non-appearance of new and strongly-marked varieties after population became more dense, because, as we have shown, peculiarities are effaced by intermixiture. It is not necessary to carry the inquiry further: the law of variation in human development, is still regarded as an open question by physiologists, and no one has yet ventured to assign its limits; but the existence of a very extensive variation has been established beyond the possibility of doubt, and is confirmed every day by facts within the range of ordinary experience. It follows then that the capacity of becoming civilized belongs to the whole human race—that civilization is natural to man—that barbarism is not 'a state of nature,' and that there is no *prima facie* evidence for assuming it to be the original condition of man."

The author gives one or two curious examples

of that picture-writing, which seems everywhere to be one of the transition stages from the rudest species of record—the reared granite or graven rock—to the more simple and arbitrary symbols which are perfected and established in the heart of civilization.

When we survey the history of nations ignorant of letters, we find generally that both in the Old and New Continent men have attempted to paint the objects which strike their imagination—to represent things by a symbol, or rather by putting a part for the whole; to compose pictures by uniting figures, or the parts that represent them, and thus to perpetuate the memory of some remarkable fact. Thus picture-writing is partly direct representation, partly metaphor, and partly metonymy, as we shall see when we come to consider some of the specimens found in uncivilized tribes. This invention appears to have co-existed with other mnemonic methods, such as erecting heaps of stones, graving figures on rocks, and in one instance making various knots on cord. The Peruvian mode of 'dropping a line,' either to one's friends or to posterity, is not very intelligible, and the traditions attached to heaps of stones are liable to great variations in the course of time.* Picture-writing, on the contrary, is obviously an improvable art; we find it more or less imperfect in proportion to the advancement of the people by which it is cultivated; it passes, by almost insensible degrees, from simple to composite painting, and thence to symbolic, where it displays a tendency to become an alphabetic character. It is almost impossible to make a distinction between symbolic and composite painting, for the one runs naturally into the other, and they are only distinguished by the greater or less abundance of symbolic signs. The rude paintings of the Patagonians, described by Narborough; those found amongst the natives of Norfolk-bay, on the north-west coast of America; and all the paintings, more or less rude, which have been discovered by travellers among the Indians of the New Continent, in a greater or less degree, unite symbolic signs with direct representation. They exhibit great and marked shades of difference: the highest eminence appears to have been attained by the Aztecs or Mexicans, the Zoltecs, and the Ilascalans. Next to these we may rank the *sagokok* of the natives of Virginia, the historical paintings of the Iroquois, the Hurons, and the numerous tribes inhabiting the central tableland of the Alleghanies. The *sagokok* of the Virginian Indians represented symbolically the events which took place in a cycle of sixty years; each cycle was represented by a wheel divided by its radii into sixty equal parts. Lederer relates that in the Indian village of Pommamook he saw one of these cycles, in which the epoch of the arrival of Europeans on the coast of Virginia was indicated by the figure of a white swan, vomiting forth fire; thus at once symbolizing their colour, their arrival by water, and the effects which their fire-arms had produced on the Americans. This, however, is a far more comprehensive symbol than any other which we find among the American Indians, and it obviously has the defect of not immediately telling its own story. A clear idea of the historical painting of the Americans may be formed from a pictorial narrative of a warlike expedition, undertaken by some Frenchmen against a tribe of the Iroquois, before Canada was occupied by the English. It is written symbolically in ten lines, figured as follows:—The first line contains the arms of France, surmounted by a hatchet, and near are eighteen symbols of decades. The hatchet, or tomahawk, being the Indian symbol of war, as the calumet is of peace, this signifies that 'a hundred and eighty Frenchmen undertook some warlike expedition.' The second line contains a mountain, with a bird springing from its summit, and a stag with a moon on its back. The mountain was the cognizance of Montreal, and the bird signifies departure; so that this line reads, 'they departed from Montreal in the first quarter of the stag-mouth, corresponding to our July.' The third line, a canoe, with twenty-one

huts: that is, 'they went by water, landing every night to rest, and were twenty-one days on their journey.' The forth line, a foot with seven butts or wigwams, intimating 'they then marched seven days.' The fifth line, a hand and three wigwams, over one of which are two pendent branches, and a figure of the sun. This means that 'they had come within three days' march of the Sonontuan tribe of the Iroquois, whose cognizance was two bending branches, and that they were coming on the east of the village, which is shown by the relative positions of the hand and the cognizance. The sixth line, twelve symbols of decades, a hut with the same cognizance as before, and a man asleep. 'There were one hundred and twenty Sonontuans surprised in their beds.' The seventh line, a club and eleven heads, five figures of men over as many symbols of decades. 'Eleven Sonontuans were killed, and fifty taken prisoners.' The eighth line, a bow containing nine heads, with eleven marks beneath. 'The victors had nine killed and eleven wounded. The ninth line, showers of arrows hurtling in the air from opposite directions. 'The battle was obstinate and well contested.' The tenth line, arrows coming from one side only. 'The vanquished fled, without any further attempt at resistance.' The whole story may be told in a few words. 'One hundred and eighty Frenchmen set out from Montreal early in July; after sailing twenty-one days and marching seven, they surprised one hundred and twenty Sonontuans on the east side of them; after an obstinate resistance, they killed eleven, captured fifty, and put the rest to flight, with the loss to themselves of nine killed and eleven wounded.'

We are bound to give our opinion that the Doctor is somewhat unjust in his appreciation of the savage character, as exhibited by the American Indians, and somewhat partial in the selection and marshalling of the evidence. We could produce a host of anecdotes, ascribing to them social affections and chivalric bearing, to set off, one by one, against his repertory of horrors, and all resting upon testimony as unquestionable as the tales he tells. Meantime, we will transcribe for our readers the following striking example of Indian vengeance; which, terrible as it is, and well adapted to support the argument for which the author uses it, exhibits, notwithstanding, something of a wild courtesy and singular self-command:—

The Otoe Indians having procured some kegs of whiskey, resolved to have a grand carousal, and aware of the fury to which their passions would be stimulated by intoxication, removed all weapons beyond their reach. When the whiskey began to work, a fearful brawl commenced, and in the frenzy of strife the brother bit off a part of the chieftain's nose. The Iotan was sobered in a moment, he paused, looking intently in the fire, without uttering a word; then drawing his blanket over his head, walked out of the building, and hid himself in his own lodge. On the following morning he sought his brother, and told him that he had disfigured him for life: 'tonight,' said he, 'I will go to my lodge and sleep; if I can forgive you when the sun rises you are safe, if not you die.' He kept his word; he slept upon his purpose, but sleep brought no mercy. He sent word to his brother that he had resolved upon his death, that there was no further hope for him; at the same time he besought him to make no resistance, but to meet his fate as a warrior should. His brother received the message and fled from the village. An Indian is untiring in his pursuit of revenge, and though years may elapse, yet he will obtain it in the end. From the time that it became the fixed purpose of the Iotan to slay his brother, his assiduity never slept; he hunted him for months. He pursued his trail over the prairies; he followed his track from one thicket to another, he traced him through the friendly villages, but without success; for although he was untiring his brother was watchful, and kept out of his way. The old warrior then changed his plan of action. He laid in wait for him in the forest, crouching like a tiger, in the paths which he thought he might frequent in hunting, but he was for a long time unsuccessful. At length, one day when seated on a dead tree, he heard the crack-

ling noise of a twig breaking beneath a cautious foot-step. He instantly crouched behind the log, and watched the opposite thicket. Presently an Indian emerged from it, and gazed earnestly around. The Iotan recognised his brother instantly. His care-worn face and emaciated form evinced the anxiety and privations that he had suffered. But this was nothing to the Iotan; as yet his revenge was unsated, and the miserable appearance of his brother touched no chord of his heart. He waited until he was within a few feet of him, then sprang from his lurking-place and met him face to face. His brother was unarmed; but met his fiery look with calmness, and without flinching. 'Ha, ha! brother,' cried the Iotan, cocking his rifle, 'I have followed you long in vain—now I have you—you must die.' The other made no reply, but throwing off his blanket, stepped before him, and presented his breast. The Iotan raised his rifle, and shot him through the heart!*

The following amusing anecdote, in depreciation of that touching tenderness towards his dead, for which nearly all writers have concurred in giving the Indian savage credit, is worth borrowing, were it only for the sake of its Irish commentary:—

The very intelligent gentleman to whom we are indebted for this description ascribes this apparent extravagance of grief to intensity of affection, but as the Australians are remarkable for their apathy to living relatives it would be indeed singular if they were to display such strong attachment to the dead. If the traveller had ever witnessed a funeral in the remote districts of the west and south of Ireland, he would have known that loud lamentations are very often a mere mockery of woe. Often have we seen women run out, join in the train of a passing funeral, raise that most dismal of all human cries the *keen*, with every outward appearance of the most bitter affliction, and when their breath was exhausted, very coolly ask, 'who is dead?' Theodore Irving relates an anecdote which illustrates the precise value of this mourning over the grave. When entering an Indian village, 'our attention,' he says, 'was attracted by a low mournful cry, from the midst of a number of small mounds, at a short distance, the burial ground of the village. We approached the spot so cautiously, as not to disturb the person who was seated there. Upon the top of one of the graves, a large mound covered with grass, was lying an Indian girl. Her buffalo robe had escaped from her shoulder, and her long dishevelled black hair was mingled with the grass of the prairie. Her bosom was resting upon the sod, and her arms extended as if embracing the form of the being who was mouldering beneath. Believing that she was some female belonging to the tribe, singing a dirge over the grave of some departed friend, we listened attentively to her song. At one moment it would rise in the air with a plaintive sound, as if she was dwelling with mournful tenderness upon the virtues of the deceased. At times she would seem to speak of the feelings of his heart; at others the note would seem to be one of war, of battle; and then her song would burst from her, with the startling energy of a person who was in the midst of the scene itself, and was acting over the feats of the silent dead. At these moments she raised her head, and her whole frame seemed swelling with the inspiration of the theme; but in the very midst of this energetic burst of enthusiasm, the chord of some more mournful recollection would be touched, and the song would sink from its high and ardent tone, to a note of woe, so despairing, that it appeared as if the sluices of her heart were opened, and the deep hidden stream of her affection was flowing out in the mournful melody.' Interested and excited by the scene, Mr. Irving and his companions hastened to inquire the history of this lonely mourner, from 'the half-bred interpreter,' a man of great gravity and experience. 'If it had been in the nature of his face to wear a more scornful expression than it usually did, the smile of contempt which passed over his weather-beaten features as we told the story, would have added to it. For a moment he seemed surprised,—then added that she was a squaw who resided in the adjoining lodge, and but a short time before he had heard her say to her mother, that as she had nothing else to do, she believed she would go and take a *bawl* over her brother's grave. He had been

* In the south of Ireland, near Fermoy, is a remarkable cavern, called in Celtic, *Grian Becht*, which signifies the Sun's-house, and was probably connected with solar worship. By the corruptions of tradition the name is metamorphosed now into *Granny's-bed*, and associated with a strange tale of a man who married his grandmother.

killed five years before. *** A distinguished clergyman of the Church of Ireland has furnished the author with the following anecdote illustrating this subject. 'A servant of mine who had lost a brother some months past, was to go with us to the part of the country where his brother was interred; he said to one of my children with great joy in his countenance: 'O sir, what fine shoutin' and bawlin' I'll have when I go to my brother's grave. 'Tis I that'll play mother over it!'

The following extract, which is an attempt to recover, amid the moral and intellectual darkness of the South Sea Islands, some traces of a former light and extinct civilization, may be adduced—not selected—from many favourable specimens of our author's mode of arguing a question, by the arrangement of his proofs:—

"In the history of human inventions, few things are more remarkable than the sudden checks which the progress of ingenuity appears to have received from apparently trifling obstacles. The Romans seem to have been for many years on the verge of discovering printing; they used letter-stamps, which might reasonably be expected to suggest the notion of types, and yet centuries elapsed before any one seems to have thought of combining several stamps together. On the other hand, it is generally difficult to discover by whose ingenuity the obstacle was first removed: the origin of printing is one of the most contested points in literary history, and there is scarcely one great improvement in machinery that has not been claimed by several inventors. But while there are doubts respecting the authors and even the countries of inventions, their dates can for the most part be ascertained with tolerable precision, or at least the periods when they began to be brought into practical operation. On examination, it will be found that most inventions of which we have a record, resulted from some want or necessity, created by the existing state of civilization; that there is a great harmony observable in the progress of the different arts, and that improvements are for the most part simultaneous, or nearly so, in the principal branches of human industry. This harmony is, however, interrupted, when arts are imported from some foreign land: the Russians, for instance, have borrowed several of the most ingenious of the modern processes of manufacture from England and Germany; but a traveller is at no loss to distinguish the imported from the native arts, by the great disproportion of the refinements in the former to the general average of the country. When we examine barbarous nations, we no longer find the uniformity which is so evident in civilized countries; however low their condition may be, they usually possess one or two processes so far surpassing the intellectual condition of the people, that we can with difficulty believe them to be of native invention. The *boomerang* of the New Hollanders, for instance, is a weapon far surpassing Australian ingenuity; the peculiarities of its shape, and mode of use, are such as necessarily to involve a long series of projectile experiments before it could have been brought to perfection; but the Australians, as we now find them, are utterly destitute of the contrivance, the observation, and the patience which such experiments would require. It was for some time believed that this weapon was peculiar to the islands of the Southern seas, and consequently, that it must have been a native invention; but on examining the pictured representations on the Egyptian monuments, we find that a weapon similar to the boomerang was employed by those who hunted water-birds on the Nile; and allusions to a missile of the same kind occur in the earlier Greek poets. The advance in the arts among barbarians is usually found in weapons of war, or instruments of music. The contrast is very striking between the elaborate workmanship of a New Zealand spear, and the clumsy appearance of one of their fish-hooks; the wooden club or sword is a formidable weapon in the South seas; but the substitute for the spade is the most miserably inefficient implement that can well be imagined. But among the New Zealanders, proofs have been recently discovered of a greater advance in the mechanical arts having existed at an unknown age, than they were found to possess when first their country was visited by Europeans. From time immemorial, the New Zealanders have been in the habit

of burying with their dead the favourite axes, and implements of stone, that were highly prized by their chiefs, while in this state of existence. Some years ago, the removal of one of these articles would have been deemed an act of impious sacrilege; but this feeling is fast disappearing, and the priests, who alone know where these sacred cemeteries are situated, generally die, keeping the secret. But in 1835, Mr. Polack informs us, 'an influential priest was bribed to dispose of an ancient adze, called *toki pu tangata* by the people: it was extremely ancient, and had been buried in a sandy soil for many years; the place of its interment was only known to the priest, who had noted the spot by the branching of a particular tree called *Rāta*. We afterwards discovered, that had the circumstance been known of the priest having sold it, probably the infatuate sticklers for sanctity would have sacrificed the seller to their resentment. The adze was formed of a blue granite, inserted in a handle of the *rāta*, or red pine-wood, carved agreeably to native taste. This instrument, from disuse, is scarcely to be met with in the country.' An engraving of the adze is given in Mr. Polack's very interesting work; and both in beauty of execution, and adaptation to its purpose, it is obviously superior to any of the other mechanical implements of which he has given figures. At a future period many aboriginal curiosities will, probably, be discovered by the European colonists, in tilling the ground. Mr. Polack found several pieces of obsidian, or volcanic glass, while turning up a garden on his estate in the Bay of Islands, which doubtless were originally brought from the southward by the natives, for the purpose of making chisels and other implements from the sharp angular points of the crystallized substance. The manufacture of such instruments from obsidian in that part of the island appears to have ceased at a very remote period, in consequence of the incessant wars between the tribes. It is impossible to look at the specimens we possess of the tattooing of the New Zealanders, and the ornamental carvings on their boats and door-posts, without feeling convinced that the figures must have had some symbolic signification, the sense of which is lost. It is generally known that the pattern for tattooing is not capricious, but that it has direct reference to the tribe and rank of the individual. 'Tribes,' says Mr. Polack, 'are known by such distinctive marks, and many chiefs, whose countenances have never been seen by a distant tribe, are known simply by the distinguishing mark which has been peculiarly engraved on their countenances. We had several opportunities of testing this fact, from having taken some likenesses of the chiefs residing at the north, and on showing them to some families resident at a distance upwards of four hundred miles they were immediately distinguished and named, though no connexion existed between these persons, or had they even at any period seen each other. Yet to Europeans, unobservant of national characteristics, and to new comers in the country, the marks of the *moko* appear as if performed by the same person from the same pattern, but the contrary is the fact, an exceedingly marked difference exists.' In another place he says, 'tattooing is the sign-manual and crest of a native chief. In title-deeds of land purchases, or receipts, of any description, the *moko*, or facsimiles, on the face of a chief, are correctly represented by him on paper. The initials, or crest on the seal, attached to the watch, or ring, of a European, is accounted by a native as the *moko* of its owner.' He adds, 'they take much pride in adding the various curvatures of the *moko* to their signatures; and our visibility has often been excited in viewing an aged chief, whose scant locks had weathered upwards of eighty winters, drawing with intense care, his signature, with inclined head and extended tongue, as is the wont of young European practitioners in the art of penmanship.' There are national differences in the process observable among the islanders in the different clusters of the Southern ocean, in the forms which predominate throughout their punctures; and hence there appears to be some reference to a traditional standard in this practice, which, in some form or other, appears to have prevailed almost universally amongst barbarous nations. *** The seine is so considerable an advance in art, and so far beyond the average of inventions possessed by the New Zealanders, that we cannot avoid believing, that owing to the great abundance of fish on the coast it was

preserved when the knowledge of other implements was lost, or that it was introduced by some more civilized foreigners. *** We find nearly in all barbarous nations, the relics of a more ancient system of civilization far superior to that which they at present possess; and traditions ascribing the invention of each of these better processes to some celestial being. The same fact meets us in the early history of most civilized nations: the ancient Greeks, like the modern islanders of the South Sea, averred that they received the first elements of civilization from the gods, that is, from a race of beings more perfect than themselves. There is a universal consent that the first impulses to improvement were received from a foreign source, and no tribe or nation has yet been found that asserted the spontaneous development of its civilization."

A short extract will furnish a good example of the author's critical acumen and manner:—

"The question whether Job was a historical personage or an imaginary character, does not necessarily enter into the consideration of the book as a portrait of manners, but we may be permitted to hazard a conjecture that a rabbinical error, similar to that which has founded so many legendary fictions on the sixth chapter of Genesis, has been the principal source of all the difficulties against admitting Job's existence. It is now universally conceded that 'the sons of God' who took wives from 'the daughters of men,' were the pious descendants of Seth who intermarried with the offspring of Cain. If the same principle of interpretation be applied to the historical introduction in the Book of Job, the rabbinical gloss that the sons of God mentioned in the sixth verse of the first chapter were angels, and the Satan or accuser, the devil, will appear a very unnecessary difficulty. The simple meaning would be, that when the pious men of Idumea assembled to worship Jehovah, the envious spirit of one or more was excited by the prosperity of Job, and the dialogue between the Satan, that is, the accuser or malignant person, would appear to be nothing more than an ordinary oriental mode of describing the struggles between the suggestions of envy and the dictates of conscience. This theory is propounded with all possible humility, but it may be said in its favour that it does no violence to the literal meaning of the text, particularly if reference be made to the original Hebrew—that it gives a simple and natural explanation of an acknowledged difficulty—and that it is in strict accordance with the principles of interpretation applied to similar passages in the sacred volume. That the Book of Job alludes in many places to the ministrations of angels has appeared doubtful to several commentators, and an examination of the passages in which they seem to be mentioned, would shew that human messengers, prophets or priests, may be intimated rather than spiritual agencies; just as the angels of the church mentioned in the Apocalypse unquestionably designate human governors."

With this quotation, we must take our leave of these volumes; recommending them to our readers, as containing much clever reasoning and varied illustration, in the cause of very important truths.

Cairo, Petra, and Damascus, in 1839. By J. Kinnear, Esq. Murray.

Mr. Kinnear visited the Levant for mercantile purposes; unforeseen circumstances, however, induced him to go to Cairo, instead of proceeding direct to Beyrouth; and, finding a party preparing to visit the ruins of Petra, he resolved to take the overland route to Syria through Arabia Petraæ. The account before us is obviously what it professes to be—little more than a transcript of the private letters written during his journey: it has the freedom and freshness of private correspondence, and also the same cursory style of observation and hastiness of inference. It would be unreasonable to expect that Mr. Kinnear could add much to the stock of information communicated by modern tourists respecting the Levant; but though he has given little novelty, he has placed many old things in

a new light, and added something to the store of knowledge respecting the social influence of Mohammed Ali's government in Egypt and Syria.

It is not, perhaps, quite just to throw the entire blame of the oppressions practised in Egypt on the government. A spirit of tyranny, every man over his inferior, pervades all classes. "The stick," says a Mohammedan proverb, "is a blessing which came down from God;" and it is one of the few blessings liberally dispensed in Egypt. Servants are beaten by their masters, labourers by their employers, and donkey-boys by everybody. It would almost seem, that Mussulmans believe feet to have been formed not for walking, but for the bastinado; and, now that Christians have ceased to be outcasts in the East, our countrymen are found prompt enough in exercising the stick, though they continually outrage all other national customs. Every one knows that the black eunuchs employed to guard the seraglios of people of rank were the greatest swaggerers in the world. They kept the crown of the causeway, and cleared their way before them with an insolent energy, which long prevented a thought of opposition. Englishmen, however, have made sad inroads on their privileges, as the following anecdote rather too amply proves:—

"Two days ago, as Captain L—— was walking slowly towards the hotel, he was overtaken by the carriage of Abbas Pacha, the governor; an old-fashioned French chariot, drawn by four horses, driven by an Arab coachman, with two or three Arab footmen sticking on behind, and a dozen or two running on foot on each side—altogether a very odd-looking turn-out. On this occasion it contained some of the ladies of the governor's family, and was preceded by a black eunuch, who, thinking that the khaouir did not move quickly enough out of the way, gave him a smart cut across the shoulders with his *koorbadj*. But, alas! for poor blackie, the Englishman possessed a weapon of the power of which an Oriental has no idea. The Captain's fists hit right and left on the Nubian's head and chest, in a shower of blows, from which he in vain attempted to defend himself with his whip; and he received a pretty severe punishment before the crowd began to collect, and the Captain thought it prudent to retreat into the hotel. Having taken the punishment of the personal insult into his own hands, he went to the consulate, and desired that an apology for the national insult should be demanded from the governor himself; and, in reply to the message of the consul, his excellency said, that if Captain L—— would come to the Sera next day, and point out the offender, he should be bastinadoed until the Captain, and any friend he might bring with him, were satisfied. Next day, accordingly, the party proceeded to the house of Abbas Pacha; the servants were paraded before them, and the aggressor identified; but, however severely our countryman might have punished him on the spot, and in the irritation of the moment, he had too much good feeling to stand by and see him beaten during his pleasure. After the first two or three blows with the stick his feelings relented, and he declared himself satisfied."

Mr. Kinnear met with no adventure worthy of remark in his passage through the wilderness; and he beguiled the way by endeavouring to identify the principal localities of the Exodus, in which he succeeded but indifferently. At Petra, he was subjected to some gross exactions from the Fellahs, who appear, however, to have had a secret understanding with his Arab escort, and needlessly exposed himself to danger, by wandering too far from his guides. The most extraordinary monument of "the city of the rock," is that called by the Arab *Al Dier*, or the convent, which is more intelligibly described by Mr. Kinnear than by any preceding tourist:—

"We entered one of the narrow ravines at the western end of the valley, so choked up with masses

of fallen rock, and overgrown with oleander and tamarisk, that we could have proceeded a very little way without the assistance of our Fellah guides. They led the way, scrambling over the rocks, and pushing through the thickets, till we came upon the extraordinary path by which human industry has worked its way to a situation otherwise inaccessible to all but the eagle that was soaring over our heads.—A succession of terraces have been cut along the face of the rock; from each of which you ascend by a flight of handsome steps to the next. One of these flights of steps extends over a space of more than a thousand feet. The wild naked rocks rose high above our heads, and fearful abysses yawned beneath us, as we ascended this singular path; the silence was broken only by our own voices, and the low rushing sound of the brook faintly heard in the distance; and I could not help feeling that a single traveller would here be too much in the power of his guides. A single push might precipitate him into one of these gloomy chasms, and the manner of his death remain for ever undiscovered. We, to be sure, were in no danger from any treachery on the part of the Fellahs; for we had no confidence in their professions of friendship, which, to say the truth, had never been very cordial; and we had taken the precaution of bringing two of the Alloees with us. The ascent terminates at a little green valley surrounded by high rocks, and at a great height above the ancient city. On one side of the valley stands the temple called *El Dier*, sculptured on the face of the rock. It is in very perfect preservation, with the exception of the steps up to the entrance. The design is somewhat like that of the Khasne, but without its elaborate sculptures; and although the style is rather fantastic, the defects of the architecture are overlooked in contemplating the gigantic proportions of the whole structure. The idea of sculpturing a monolithic temple of such enormous dimensions from the solid rock, appears to belong to a race of giants."

From Petra, Mr. Kinnear proceeded to Gaza, and thence along the coast-road to Beyrouth—Jerusalem being, at the time, inaccessible, on account of the plague. After a short delay at Beyrouth, he visited Damascus, and found that neither Dr. Hogg nor M. Lamartine had exaggerated the romantic scenery of its environs, the fertility of its fields, or the luscious richness of its fruits: indeed, after having viewed the branches of the river Barada, Mr. Kinnear was inclined to forgive the patriotic question of the Syrian Naaman—"Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the rivers of Israel?" The most interesting matter in the account of Damascus, is the description of the present state of its trade:—

"The manufacture of the celebrated Damascus swords no longer exists; but a true Damascus blade is sometimes offered for sale, and commands a high price. The splendid silk damask interwoven with gold, which is seen in some of the richest houses, is not easily found in the bazaars; and I rather think it is not now made. The present manufactures are red leather shoes and slippers, a variety of silver work, silk and cotton stuff woven in variously-coloured patterns, and some very neat cabinet-work of fine wood inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. These are made, to a considerable extent, for the supply of other markets; and there are a variety of other manufactures of minor importance. British manufacturers have now taken the place of many of the inferior native fabrics; and many articles which used to be brought from India to the Persian Gulf, and reached Damascus by the caravans from Bagdad, are now imported direct from London and Liverpool to Beyrouth. The principal articles of import are cotton goods, cotton twist, iron hardware, West India produce, indigo and cochineal. The bazaar of the mercers displays an extensive assortment of Manchester and Glasgow calicoes, muslins, and printed goods, and a few articles of Swiss manufacture."

Mr. Kinnear recommends Syria to tourists and to those who like to spend a few weeks among a strange people. He declares the climate to be healthy, the houses good, and provisions cheap: but there are a few drawbacks on

these advantages, which we shall leave him to enumerate:—

"Fleas swarm in every apartment during the cooler months, and mosquitoes give you no rest during the heat; ugly little lizards run about your bed-room; and all the old houses are infested with black snakes. On entering your room at night with a candle, you may chance to see an extraordinary shadow moving across the floor. You stoop down to ascertain whether it is a mouse or a lizard, and find an immense strong-legged, hairy spider, as big as a pigeon's egg. In your horror at his appearance, you allow the monster to escape into his hole, and are left in the delightful uncertainty whether he won't return to pay you a visit in bed. But one gets accustomed to all these things, and they soon cease to occasion any very great discomfort: you find that the lizards are very harmless—you declare a war of extermination against the spiders—and you learn to submit to the fleas and mosquitoes, because you must."

Our author strenuously insists that the government of Mohammed Ali in Syria, notwithstanding its acknowledged oppressions, is superior to that of the Turkish Pachas. Though the taxes are heavy, they are fixed.

"But for the conscription, and those exactions which arise peculiarly from the Pacha's military establishment, I believe that the government of Mehemet Ali in Syria, if not so popular with the Mooslim as with the Christian population, would certainly be preferred to that of the Sultan. There is greater security of property than heretofore; the laws are more impartially administered; and the extensive system of bribery, which was in itself a heavy tax upon the people, has been almost entirely abated. A few wealthy individuals may formerly have lived in greater luxury than is now generally seen; but it was in the privacy of their own houses, and carefully concealed from all but their families and domestic slaves: now the merchants, and better class of shopkeepers in Damascus, dress and live in a style which, in former days, would only have marked them out as objects of plunder. Except in times of peculiar excitement, a Christian will no more submit to be defrauded or insulted by a Mooslim than by a Jew; and in Beyrouth, where the Christians are the majority of the population, they even wear the white turban, which is prohibited everywhere else."

It is probable, that the success of the military and naval operations on the coast of Syria will be facilitated by the high respect which the natives have recently shown for the English character. Mr. Kinnear informs us—

"Franks are generally treated with civility, and the English are everywhere popular, and highly respected. The Syrians have a high opinion of our wisdom and upright dealing. 'The word of an Englishman' is proverbial; and they believe that he can do many more wonderful things than making watches and pen-knives. It is curious that a very general belief prevails both in Egypt and Syria that the English will one day take possession of these countries; and I have been asked more than once by Christians, if I knew when the English were coming."

It is not easy to predict the consequences of restoring Syria to Turkey. Mr. Kinnear declares that the change will be disadvantageous both to the natives and to European visitors: but it should be borne in mind, that Syria was never a well-governed country, and that its turbulent and diversified tribes have been inveterate foes to good government since the days of Abraham. The kings of Israel, the monarchs of Babylon, the successors of Alexander, the Romans, the Byzantines, the Saracens, the crusaders, and the Turks, have all been baffled in turn by a province which nature has cut up into fragments and intersected with mountain fastnesses. Abulfeda somewhere says, that it seemed to be a country created for the special use of thieves and banditti: it would assuredly be too bad, if the peace of the world were risked on such an unworthy stake.

Master Humphrey's Clock. By 'Boz.' Vol. I.
Chapman & Hall.

The first volume of 'Master Humphrey's Clock' is now complete; and in the absence of any professional criticism on the work by that Prince of Clockmakers, Sam Slick, we will venture to give our own opinion of the performance.

The main fault of the work is in its construction. The parts are not well put together; and some of the figures, however ornamental, tend seriously to complicate and embarrass the movements of the machine. We allude to Master Humphrey and his leash of friends. They were never intended, as the author states in his preface, to be active agents in the stories they are supposed to relate; but it was assumed that the Reader would be interested in the interest taken by those shadowy Personages, in the narratives brought forward at their Club-meetings. This was a mistake. In the Arabian Nights, indeed, we take an interest in the interest excited in the Sultan, by each of the Thousand and One Tales; because a yawn from Shalhriyar would be the story-teller's death warrant; but the auditors of Master Humphrey possess no such despotic power—his head does not hang by its tail; and accordingly, whilst interested ourselves at first hand,—say by the history of the Old Curiosity Shop and its Inmates,—we think no more of the gentle Hunchback, his friends, and the Old Clock, than of as many printing-house readers and an Editor's Box.

The truth is, the Author is rather too partial to one of the most unmanageable things in life or literature, a Club. The Pickwick began with one, which soon dispersed itself; and the character of its name-father and President was infinitely better for the dissolution. In the present work there are two—the Clock Club above stairs, and the Watch Club below; and between them they lead to so many difficulties and discrepancies, that it becomes necessary to get rid of them by something like a *coup-d'état*. For instance, Master Humphrey, from reading his stories to his private friends, is found addressing them, direct, to his public ones. Jack Redburn gives an account of the proceedings of the Watch Club, of which he could be cognizant only by intuition; whilst Mr. Pickwick has such a foreknowledge of how his contribution will print out, that he recommends in a following number with "We left Will Marks standing under the gallows." In point of fact,—and we confidently appeal to Mr. Weller senior,—what literary new, fast, post-coach could make a more hock'eder start than with four insides, professedly booked to nowhere at all, and with such a very inconvenient time-keeper as a old, wenerable, antiquated eight-day clock, on the roof of the vehicle? Vy, nonesomer. The inconveniences of such an arrangement soon manifest themselves; and accordingly, whilst the two Clubs are snugly housed,—the one in the kitchen and the other in the parlour, and, as the frontispiece hints, all fast asleep,—the author quietly gives them the slip, and drives off to take up characters who really have business down the road.

The revival of some of the Pickwickians supplies its own excuse. It affords us an agreeable glimpse of our old favourites? and moreover, the re-introduction of Old Weller,—the same, but with a difference,—in a new character, and with a title that had long "laid dormouse in the family,"—is strictly legitimate. His fears of "inadvertent captivation," and his wish that he knew how to make himself ugly or disagreeable, are pleasantly characteristic; so is also his graphic description of railway travelling; and who can read his inimitable comparison of the screech of the steam-whistle, without exclaiming with one of our Uneducated Poets,—

"Arnt that ere Boz a tip-top feller!
Lots writes well, but he writes Weller!"

Sam shines out a trifle less vividly than his parent—the fault perhaps of his marriage; for there certainly is an "Oh-no-we-never-mention-her" reserve on the subject of his help-mate, which we hope will admit of a favourable explanation in the next edition. In the meantime, we have a crow to pluck with the author, which is a very black one indeed. We allude to Mr. Pickwick's contribution to the Clock Case. Now, a genuine story from that dear worthy creature,—one out of his own head and heart,—would have been a literary jewel; but a tale of Witchcraft, of the times of James the First—poo, poo!—we for one will never believe that he wrote it; but that it was written for him, and, at a guess, by the clever Authoress of 'London in the Olden Time.'

To turn from the old loves to the new, we do not know where we have met, in fiction, with a more striking and picturesque combination of images than is presented by the simple, childish figure of Little Nelly, amidst a chaos of such obsolete, grotesque, old-world commodities as form the stock in trade of the Old Curiosity Shop. Look at the Artist's picture of the Child, asleep in her little bed, surrounded, or rather mobbed, by ancient armour and arms, antique furniture, and relics sacred or profane, hideous or grotesque:—it is like an Allegory of the peace and innocence of Childhood in the midst of Violence, Superstition, and all the hateful or hurtful Passions of the world. How sweet and fresh the youthful figure! how much sweeter and fresher for the rusty, musty, fusty atmosphere of such accessories and their associations! How soothing the moral, that Gentleness, Purity, and Truth, sometimes dormant but never dead, have survived, and will outlive, Fraud and Force, though backed by gold and encased in steel! As a companion picture, we would select the Mending of the Puppets in the Churchyard, with the mocking figure of Punch perched on a gravestone—a touch quite Hogarthian in its satirical significance.

As for Little Nelly herself, we should say that she thinks, speaks, and acts, in a style beyond her years, if we did not know how poverty and misfortune are apt to make advances of worldly knowledge to the young at a most ruinous discount—a painful sacrifice of the very capital of childhood. Like some of the patent sharpeners that give a hasty edge to the knife, at the expense of a rapid waste of metal, so does care act on the juvenile spirit; and the observer may daily see but too many of such young blades precociously worn thin, and so unnaturally keen, that like our over-sharpened knives they could almost cut with their backs.

In strong contrast to Nelly, we have the Old Man, her grandfather,—so old, that he seems never to have been young. His very vice is one of those which outlive most others. A gambler at heart, but persuading himself that, whilst gambling for money, he is only playing for *love*; that he speculates in dice and cards merely for the sake of his grandchild,—nay, that he robs her for her enrichment,—he affords a striking illustration of the assertion in Hudibras about the pleasure of being cheated—a pleasure so congenial to human nature, that, in the absence of any other swindler, we cheat ourselves. No one ever played, as a practice, except for the sake of play; and the old man's gambling has just as much to do with his love of Nelly, as gambling on the turf with the love of horses, or on the Stock Exchange with the love of country.

Of a lighter sort are the vices of Mr. Richard Swiveller; the representative of a very numerous class—plenty as weeds, and though not so noxious as some orders, quite as useless and worthless

as any of the tribes. There are thousands of Swivellers growing, or grown up, about town; neglected, ill-conditioned profligates, who owe their misconduct not to a bad bringing up, but to having had no bringing up at all. Human hulks, cast loose on the world with no more pilotage than belongs to mere brute intelligence—like the abandoned hulls that are found adrift at sea, with only a monkey on board. Such an estray is Dick Swiveller—a fellow of easy virtue and easy vice—lax, lounging, and low, in morals and habits, and living on from day to day by a series of shifts and shabbinesses. Here are some of them most topographically described: they read like truths, and suggest quite a new mode of colouring Mogg's Map of London. He is making an entry in a "greasy memorandum-book":—

"Is that a reminder, in case you should forget to call?" said Trent with a sneer.—"Not exactly, Fred," replied the imperturbable Richard, continuing to write with a business-like air, "I enter in this little book the names of the streets that I can't go down while the shops are open. This dinner to-day closes Long Acre. I bought a pair of boots in Great Queen Street last week, and made that no thoroughfare too. There's only one avenue to the Strand left open now, and I shall have to stop up that to-night with a pair of gloves. The roads are closing so fast in every direction, that in about a month's time, unless my aunt sends me a remittance, I shall have to go three or four miles out of town to get over the way."

Still there is more of folly than of absolute vice about Richard Swiveller. For instance, he might have thought of a mistress, and he dreams of a wife; and he might have been a ruffianly Spring-heeled Jack, instead of a "Perpetual Grand of the Glorious Apollers." He is rather weak than wicked; and, indeed, seems to have an impression of his own, to which he gives utterance in a maudlin fit, that his errors and mishaps are attributable to the want of early guidance:—

"Left an infant at an early age," said Mr. Swiveller, bewailing his hard lot; "cast abroad upon the world in my tenderest period, and thrown upon the mercies of a deluding dwarf, who can wonder at my weakness! Here's a miserable orphan for you!—here," said Mr. Swiveller, raising his voice to a high pitch, and looking sleepily round, "here is a miserable orphan!""

The deluding Dwarf, just referred to—a Mr. Daniel Quilp, Ship-breaker and Heart-breaker—is one of the most highly-wrought characters of the work. Stunted in body and limbs, but with a head fit for a giant,—and rough coarse hands furnished with long, crooked, and yellow nails,—he is described as a sort of human Caliban, who plots mischief and misery with the restless malignity of a fiend, and fights, bites, and pinches with the wanton malice of a monkey. For his size, he is as disproportionately savage and vicious as the Norway Rat in the Regent's Park; what Winifred Jenkins calls a perfect "devil in garnet;" one of those same devils, perhaps, who, according to Milton, compressed themselves into pygmies to make room in Pandemonium, and who had remained a Dwarf ever since. We are not partial to this association of moral with physical deformity, which the commonality is but too apt to regard rather as a necessary connexion than a coincidence. Thus, according to the popular notion, the young Princes, smothered in the Tower, were not so much the victims of ambition as of a Crooked Back,—a prejudice palpably embodied in the prodigious hump of that most popular of our histrionic delinquents, Punch. To a certain extent, perhaps, the neglect of the infant frame, which produces rickets, being extended to the moral and intellectual nursing of the individual, might induce a corresponding defeature; but, beyond this, there is no reason why the most distorted figure should not be joined to the most

amiable or noble of spirits,—even as Daniel Quilp himself is married to a pretty little mild-spoken woman with blue eyes. Of this truth, indeed, the author gives us an example in the gentle and benevolent Master Humphrey, whilst his Quilp is a horrible impersonation of the more vulgar theory. An evil spirit lodged in a repulsive shape, he seems determined to retaliate on Nature herself for placing him in what the Americans would call so unhandsome a fix. Conscious, like Richard of Gloster, that he is not "formed to engage all hearts and charm all eyes," he resolves to drain these, and to break those—to tower in wickedness, if not in stature—and to retort a hundredfold on human kind the scorn and loathing which he supposes to dog his heels. Even in better natures we have sometimes seen instances of the self-torment occasioned by a sensitive consciousness of personal defects, till the morbid poison became virulent, and the milk of human kindness was turned into verjuice, and the bile into double aquafortis: but the virus fermenting with an original complication of the vilest passions in the Dwarf, he comes forth, cursing and cursing, a perfect Lycanthrope.

According to this reading of the part, the character of the wharfinger and dwarfing, Daniel Quilp, is strikingly brought out: not to forget some clever, though rather melo-dramatic by-play, such as where he "eats hard eggs, shells and all; devours gigantic prawns with the heads and tails on: chews tobacco and water-cresses most voraciously at the same time; drinks boiling tea without winking; and bites his fork and spoon till they bend again." In fact, he lays himself out for, and is, a "Little Enormity." Whether such beings exist in real life, may appear, at first sight, somewhat questionable; but in fairness, before deciding in the negative, one ought to go and view the "wilderness" assigned as his haunt; and then to ask whether there may not be for such scenery fit actors and appropriate dramas? It has been said that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives; an ignorance, by the way, which Boz has essentially helped to enlighten: it is quite as certain that one-half of London is not aware of even the topographical existence of the other; and, although remote from our personal experience, there may be such persons as Quilp about the purlieus and back slums of human nature, as surely as there are such places as the Almonry and Rat's Castle.

After senna comes the sugar; and should the malice of the Diabolical Dwarf taste too bitter, let the reader turn to the episode of the Schoolmaster and his beloved Scholar, who wrote so good a hand with such a "very little one." The story is simple, touching, and unaffectedly told; one of those stories which can only come from a well-toned head and heart working in harmony with each other; one of those that, whilst they recommend the book, endear the author,—and no writer's personal character seems more identified with his writings than that of Boz. We invariably rise from the perusal of his volumes in better humour with the world; for he gives us a cheerful view of human nature, and paints good people with a relish that proves he has himself a belief in, and sympathy with, their goodness. Moreover he shows them to us (the Garlands, for instance,) shining in clusters, as if he would fain have a Milky Way of them; whereas he puts forward the bad as rarities, or exceptions, and a Quilp as unique. Above all, in distributing the virtues, he bestows a full proportion of them amongst a class of our fellow-creatures, who are favoured in Life's Grand State Lotteries, with nothing but the declared blanks, and even in its Little Goes, with but a moderate share of the undrawn tickets. The poor are his especial clients. He delights to

show Worth in low places—living up a court, for example, with Kit and the industrious washerwoman, his mother—to exhibit Honesty holding a gentleman's horse, or Poverty bestowing alms. Of this compensating principle there is a striking instance in the Wax-work Woman, Mrs. Jarley, a personage who, in many or most hands, would have been a mere mass of tawdry finery and unmitigated vulgarity. Vulgar and fine she undoubtedly is; but there is a generous and kindly nature beneath; and she is truly a Christian in her charity, and a lady in her hospitality, although the last has no better sphere than a house upon wheels. An unfailing appetite is one of her attributes; and her heart is as good as her stomach, as you feel sure from her first introduction. It is easy for the empty to feel for the hungry, for the fasting to sympathize with the fainting; but it is on the very back of a full meal—*after* bread and butter, knuckle of ham, and tea-and-brandy—that Mrs. Jarley recognizes the aspect and the claims of Want, and invites the wayfaring Old Man and Nelly to a welcome repast. The people of this world may be divided into two great classes, the Monopolizers and the Sympathizers—and Mrs. Jarley is one of the last-mentioned. Witness her amiable and earnest inquiries of her man George, as to how he enjoyed the cold pie and the beer, and her liberal hope that she had not hurried him in his meal. It was surely not by chance, but by artistic design, that the author set such a substantial, warm-hearted, living, breathing, talking, eating-and-drinking creature in high relief, amidst such cold, inanimate effigies of humanity as her Wax-work Figures!

The rest of the Clock-work Figures, the Wachless—excepted—(poison the Wachless! as Quilp would say), are all good in their several ways—the selfish, discontented Tom Codlin, the contented Short, *alias* Trotters, and Mr. Tufflin, with his theories about shaky giants, wrinkled dwarfs, and wooden legs. The Law List, we have little doubt, can furnish a power of attorneys akin to Sampson Brass, of St. Bevis Marks. His sister, a sort of Office Copy of himself,—a pettifogger in petticoats,—is more of a phenomenon—a real "Law Cat"; and Richard Swiveller ought hardly to have found courage to borrow her cap off her head (page 303) to wipe the window. The following scene between Miss Brass and her diminutive maid of all-work, at feeding-time, seems intended, Boz-like, to warn us that the most ill-used children are not to be found in factories:

"After running on in this way for some time, Mr. Swiveller softly opened the office door, with the intention of darting across the street for a glass of the mild porter. At that moment he caught a parting glimpse of the brown head-dress of Miss Brass flitting down the kitchen stairs. 'And by Jove!' thought Dick, 'she's going to feed the servant. Now or never!' First peeping over the handrail and allowing the head-dress to disappear in the darkness below, he groped his way down, and arrived at the door of a back kitchen immediately after Miss Brass had entered the same, bearing in her hand a cold leg of mutton. It was a very dark miserable place, very low, and very damp, the walls disfigured by a thousand rents and blotches. The water was trickling out of a leaky butt, and a most wretched cat was lapping up the drops with the sickly eagerness of starvation. The grate, which was a wide one, was wound and screwed up tight, so as to hold no more than a little thin sandwich of fire. Everything was locked up; the coal-cellars, the candle-box, the salt-box, the meat-safes, were all padlocked. There was nothing that a beetle could have lunched upon. The pinched and meagre aspect of the place would have killed a chameleon. He would have known at the first mouthful that the air was not eatable, and must have given up the ghost in despair. The small servant stood with humility in presence of Miss

Sally; and hung her head.—'Are you there?' said Miss Sally.—'Yes, ma'am,' was the answer, in a weak voice.—'Go further away from the leg of mutton, or you'll be picking it, I know,' said Miss Sally.—The girl withdrew into a corner, while Miss Brass took key from her pocket, and, opening the safe, brought from it a dreary waste of cold potatoe, looking as eatable as Stonehenge. This she placed before the small servant, ordering her to sit down before it; and then, taking up a great carving-knife, made a mighty show of sharpening it upon the carving-fork.—'Do you see this?' said Miss Brass, slicing off about two square inches of cold mutton, after all this preparation, and holding it out on the point of the fork.—The small servant looked hard enough at it with her hungry eyes, to see every shred of it, small as it was, and answered, 'Yes.'—Then don't you ever go and say,' retorted Miss Sally, 'that you hadn't meat here. There, eat it up.'—This was soon done. 'Now, do you want any more?' said Miss Sally.—The hungry creature answered with a faint 'No.' They were evidently going through an established form.—'You've been helped once to meat,' said Miss Brass, summing up the facts, 'you have had as much as you can eat, you're asked if you want any more, and you answer "No!" Then don't you ever go and say you were allowed, mind that.'—With those words, Miss Sally put the meat away, locked the safe, and then, drawing near to the small servant, overlooked her while she finished the potatoe.—It was plain that some extraordinary grudge was working in Miss Brass's gentle breast, and that it was this which impelled her, without the smallest present cause, to rap the child with the blade of the knife, now on her hand, now on her head, and now on her back, as if she found it quite impossible to stand so close to her without administering a few slight knocks. But Mr. Swiveller was not a little surprised to see his fellow-clerk, after walking slowly backwards towards the door as if she were trying to withdraw herself from the room but could not accomplish it, dart suddenly forward, and, falling on the small servant, give her some hard blows with her clenched hand. The victim cried, but in a subdued manner, as if she feared to raise her voice, and Miss Sally, comforting herself with a pinch of snuff, ascended the stairs, just as Richard had safely reached the office."

And now a few words of Boz himself. We are rejoiced to learn, from so good an authority as his own preface, that, in spite of certain crazy rumours to the contrary, he has never been "raving mad"; and we sincerely and seriously trust that he never will be "off his head," except when, like Quilp's urchin, he chooses to be on his feet. We have given our reasons for liking his last work: it is life-like and bustling, and therefore good for one's amusement; it comes from a sound head and heart, and is therefore fitted for one's improvement: and accordingly, as "Master Humphrey's Clock" has already its thousands upon thousands of readers, we beg leave cordially to recommend it to the Million.

Essay on the Productive Resources of India. By J. F. Royle, M.D.

[Second Notice.]

We resume our examination of Mr. Royle's work with his account of the experiments made on the growth of tea in India. It was long believed that the tea plant was of so peculiar a nature, that it could only be grown in China, as nutmegs, it was said, could only be produced in the Moluccas and cinnamon in Ceylon; but when the physical causes which seem to determine the geographical distribution of plants were better understood, it appeared to many eminent naturalists who examined the climate and vegetation of the Himalaya, that it was possible to cultivate the tea plant there successfully as an article of commerce. The geological structure of the Himalayan chain appears to be the same as that of the Chinese mountains, which, indeed, may be regarded as continuations of the same

system of elevations; there are many localities in both which have nearly the same latitude and height above the level of the sea, which may, therefore, reasonably be presumed to have little difference of climate; and there is a most striking analogy between the Flora of the Himalaya and that of China. As those who had visited the tea plantations of China declared that "leaves of a fine flavour are only produced in light stony ground," it was presumed that the shrub would thrive in the soil formed by the disintegration of the primary rocks, which form the structure of the Himalayas; and it was resolved to try the experiment, and also to make a further trial of the Neilgherry hills and some other places in the presidency of Madras. Unfortunately, only one species or variety of the tea plant appears to have been imported. Before the gentlemen engaged in visiting China could extend their researches beyond the Ankoy district, they were recalled to Calcutta, in consequence of the discovery of tea in Assam.

Most of the plants sent to the Neilgherry hills withered away, but a few of them, which were given to the officer in command at Manintoddy, in the province of Wynaad, are said to have become fine and bushy plants, thus apparently showing that the western Ghauts agree better with the particular species on which the experiment was tried than the Neilgherry hills. Further investigations, however, would be requisite to show that if a different species of the tea plant had been introduced, the result would not have been the same. The plants in the Himalayan districts are said to thrive, but it is not yet satisfactorily ascertained that their leaves possess the astringent and stimulating properties of the Chinese tea.

The discovery of large tea tracts in Upper Assam has lessened, but not destroyed, the value of these experiments. Though the Assamese forests hold out the fairest prospects of yielding a supply of good tea, yet there is some doubt whether they will supply the more valued and superior teas. Mr. Bruce declares that the green tea of Assam is gathered from the same tree as the black, and that the difference between them arises from manipulation, whence he jumps to the conclusion that black and green teas are naturally and universally identical; but Mr. Reeves states, that the prepared green tea is a spurious imitation, and that the native green tea is produced by a shrub different from that which yields the black. The latter opinion appears to be the better founded, for the green and black leaves, when examined after infusion, are manifestly very different; so also are the plants imported into England as green and black teas. The former is much the more healthy: one of them lived for twenty years in the open air, nailed against the common wall of a garden, in Mr. Loddige's nursery grounds at Hackney, and was only killed by the severe frosts in the destructive winter of 1837. Hence, it seems to follow, that the superior teas will require a greater elevation and a lower temperature than characterize the tea districts yet discovered in Assam.

It is known that good and sound teas manufactured in Assam have been imported into this country, and have met the approbation of competent judges. The amount, however, was small, and from the curiosity which the subject excited, the teas brought very high prices; under these circumstances, price did not afford a fair criterion of value, and we are yet in want of sufficient data to determine the relative merits of the teas of Assam and China. It may, however, be reasonably anticipated, that the exertions of the Assamese company, lately formed, will lead to the discovery of the requisites for the best culture of the plant, and, consequently, the means

of giving the produce the highest degree of flavour.

There appears to be no reason for confining the cultivation of tea to the Assam districts; the analogies of soil and climate, confirmed by botanical results, between the mid-region of the Himalaya and the spots where the Chinese find the plants most flourishing, are so striking, as to afford good grounds for confidence. But in order to ensure success, the experiments must be made with every variety of the tea plant that can be procured, in order to determine which species best suits the particular locality. It is true that some botanists assert that there is only one species of tea, but we think that an examination of the plants in Mr. Loddige's nursery will convince most persons of the existence of at least three well-defined varieties.

We cannot agree in Mr. Royle's recommendation, that the culture of the tea plant should be undertaken by the East India Company. In India, as in every part of the world, beneficial improvements are far more likely to arise from private enterprise than from the interference of government. Persons employed by public authority, however eager to fulfil their trust, are generally fettered by their instructions, and do not feel themselves at liberty to alter or vary experiments. One of the greatest errors with which the Lords of Leadenhall-street can be charged, is overloading their agents with minute and special directions; it would be well if they sometimes imitated the brevity of the instructions given by Louis XIV. to Mesnager, "Place yourself at the Hague incognito: make the most of your time; you know your business."

Silk appears to be the most valuable of the animal products that depend on vegetable culture. As in the case of cochineal, there are two important matters to be jointly considered, the best breed of insect, and the best species of plant. So far as we have evidence before us, it would seem that the choice of the insect has received far less attention than it deserves; but the importance of selection is now generally known; and Mr. Felkin showed to the members of the British Association, when in Birmingham, that the quantity and quality of the silk produced by the best species may be fourfold higher than of that spun by the inferior species. But we by no means recommend that all the inferior species should be neglected; though their silk may not be the best for exportation, it may still be valuable for home consumption. The Tusseh silk, for instance, though too coarse for the luxurious fabrics of Europe, has long afforded cheap and durable materials for dress to the inhabitants of Bengal; and as the worm is distributed over extensive tracts, and requires very little attention, we think that its culture ought not to be neglected. It is also probable that the Tusseh, when known in England, may profitably be employed in some of the coarser and cheaper fabrics. Some pieces of the silk sent in an unbleached state to Paris were found to furnish such excellent coverings for parasols, that an increasing demand for the article has been the consequence. It must also be remembered, that while the superior worms can only be fed on the mulberry, those of the inferior species in India are found on many different trees, such as the jujube, the peepul, the castor oil plant, and several varieties of laurel.

The species of the mulberry are nearly as numerous as the varieties of the silk-worm, and hence the experiments on silk culture, to be practically useful, require to be very extensive. It is necessary to determine what species of worm best suits each species of mulberry, and what kind of locality is best adapted to the culture of both. Hitherto these important particulars have been rather inferred from loose analogies than

determined by actual experiment. Dr. Royle very plausibly conjectures that the electrical condition of the atmosphere may be an important element in the health of animals that spin a non-conducting material like silk. It has long been known that thunder storms are fatal to myriads of silk-worms: a very healthy and flourishing colony of them, in the south of Ireland, perished during a thunder storm about two years ago, though they were under the protection of a green-house.

Judging from European experience, it would appear that domestication is necessary to the perfection of the best species of silk-worm: the Italian and French writers on the subject unanimously declare that the animals would rapidly degenerate if constant attention was not paid to every part of the process of re-production. They assert that great care is required in selecting the cocoons which will yield the best eggs; that differences, only visible to the most practised eye, become of great importance when it is necessary to make a choice; that great vigilance is required in regulating the temperature, so as to prevent the animals from being hatched too early or too late, and that the supply of food must be governed by minute and practical rules, which can only be learned by long experience. It further appears that the treatment which best forwards the development of one species of silk-worm is absolutely fatal to others. Combining all these circumstances, we must not be astonished if many difficulties and many failures attend the experiments for improving the growth of silk in India, though we have abundant reasons for hoping that the desirable results will eventually be attained.

Dr. Royle dwells at great length on the practical benefits derived from the establishment of Botanic Gardens in Calcutta and Saharunpore. The introduction of new fruits and esculent plants is obviously of great importance to a population subsisting chiefly on vegetable diet; and we are glad to learn that success in the acclimation of imported plants has surpassed the expectations of the founders of these establishments. We trust that this will lead to the introduction of tropical productions into the Calcutta garden from Africa, South America, and the West Indies, while the plants of more temperate regions may be beneficially made the subject of experiment at Saharunpore.

We cannot conclude without expressing our opinion, that the greatest danger to which the attempts to improve the productive resources of India can be exposed, is the tendency of rulers to realize the fable of the boy and the goose that laid golden eggs. No sooner does a branch of industry begin to be productive, than it is compelled to contribute to the revenue, and the tax is too often proportioned to the expectation of what may be realized, rather than the fact of what has been accomplished. On this subject we need not enlarge, as there is every probability that the entire system of Indian revenue will speedily be revised, and a more equitable system of taxation than at present exists established in the Presidencies. Another danger arises from too sanguine expectations: improvement in any old and long-established branch of industry must necessarily be of very slow growth. Mr. Jouffroy, in one of his essays, says—"Exotic habits are more difficult to be acclimated than exotic plants; the struggle between the latter and native weeds is less perilous than between the former and native prejudices." No one knows better than Dr. Royle that those who desire to do good must be prepared for many disappointments. It will probably require several years before the efforts of the energetic and enlightened can restore India to its former commercial eminence; and for complete success, one element,

which Dr. Royle has not noticed, must be kept constantly in view;—every effort for the physical advancement of the country must be attended with corresponding exertions for the moral elevation of the people.

ANTHOLOGY FOR 1840.

In pursuance of that wise old custom which prescribes music after meals, we shall allow the “flow of soul” to follow in its natural order after the “feast of reason,” which we lately set before our readers. We must, however, remind our guests that the task in catering for them in this particular is, just now, one of more than ordinary difficulty; and that critics are sometimes driven to as many shifts and devices by which to conceal poverty as the late Mr. Caleb Balderstone, when he lamented the absence of imaginary condiments which ought to have accompanied unexistent courses.

It is a curious fact, and one which we submit to the consideration of the many ingenious and philosophic young gentlemen who contribute Essays to the Magazines, as tending to illustrate the common origin of both, that flowers and poetry come in and go out together. The first snowdrop which ventures to peep timidly forth as if to look for the sun, is sure to be greeted by some sister-blossom of the brain, which whispers to it a welcome, voiced in a softly-breathing sonnet—and the last rose which droops beneath the uncourtous visitings of the autumn wind, sheds down its leaves, as a mournful tribute to the last new aspirant of song. It is from the observation of this bond of sympathy which links the flowers of the field and the flowers of poetry together, and leases out their lives on the same tenure of the sun’s delay, that we have always rejoiced in that gentle wisdom which would neither crush an insect, tread down a blossom, nor trample on a youthful spirit, because the wings of the one might not be of the brightest, the scent of the other the sweetest, or the song inspired: with the one, life and the day will end together—the first breeze will shake the other to the dust—and the song of the last, like the swan’s, is, perhaps, but a prelude to the death-like silence of disappointment. From circumstances, too, the dearth to which we have alluded, a single visitant at this inhospitable season is worth a whole company of fair-weather travellers—a violet in our present mood, though “dim,” and lacking somewhat of the sweetness of Juno’s eyes, is more welcome than a whole garland would be in the pleasant month of May, and a Michaelmas daisy a pearl of great price, to which June roses look like worthless things.

In order, then, that this most excellent temper into which we have managed to talk ourselves may not evaporate without some manifestations of its presence, let us present to our readers two specimens of the “*Flora Heliconensis*,”—the first a hardy annual, already known to the poetic botanist; the second a promising seedling, we believe of this year’s growth.

1. ‘*Heber; Records of the Poor*, &c., by Thomas Ragg.

2. ‘*Miscellaneous Verses*,’ by Sir F. H. Doyle, Bart., Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford.

The first of these productions is an additional illustration of the manner in which Intellect, whether it be chained to the desk, as in the instance of Charles Lamb, yoked to the plough, as in that of Burns, starved at stone-breaking with the Bethunes, or tied to the mechanic’s bench as with Elliott and many others, is enabled by the promptings of a fine instinct to break away at times from the dreary and disheartening circumstances which surround it, and soar to that far-off Home of Imagination and Beauty, whereto the poet, and he only, is privileged to “flee away and be at rest.” The great defect of Mr. Ragg’s volume consists in the choice of its subject. ‘*Heber*,’ from whom the principal poem taken its title, is represented as “one of the escaped from earth’s last convulsion. He relates to the other inhabitants of ‘the world to come,’ incidents or stories of the times of the four great convulsions through which it had passed.” Now, however interesting these stories might be from their novelty to the inhabitants of that new world which the poet has thought it expedient to anticipate, in order to have an opportunity of telling them, they have lost much of their freshness for us, to whom the ‘*History of the*

Deluge’ and the ‘*Fall of Jerusalem*’ are already familiar. The subject is not a twice but a twenty times told tale; and Mr. Ragg has put himself beyond even our accommodating sympathies, by resolving to tell it over again. In fact, the chief attraction of the present volume consists in the miscellaneous poems, which, though chiefly of a devotional cast, are remarkably free from that sickly sentiment, which sometimes renders such subjects rather repulsive than otherwise. Take, for instance, the following, which, without much pretension, is both musical and melancholy:—

Gather Ripe Fruits, Oh Death!

Gather ripe fruits, oh Death!
Strew not the pathway of the tomb with flowers,
Invade not childhood with thy withering breath,
Pass on, and touch not youth’s bright sunny bower.

There are enough for thee
Of hearts that long for thy serene repose,
That fail among the lowly-had would be,
Pierced deep-with festering wounds that will not close.

Go to the desolate,
Whom thou hast robbed of every star-bright thing,
On whom the smiles of hope no longer wait,
Whose loves have passed upon the morning’s wing.

Go to the wearied frame,
That seeks to slumber on the grave’s cold breast,
That finds life’s pleasure, but an empty name,
And longs to flee away and be at rest.

To the saints of God,
Whose souls are weary of the world and sin,
Who faint would tread the path their Saviour trod,
And greet the tomb that lets heaven’s glories in.

Take these, take these to rest,
But smite not childhood in its mirthful play,
Smash not the infant from its mother’s breast,
Steal not the loved and loving ones away!

Gather ripe fruits, oh Death!
Strew not the pathway of the tomb with flowers,
Invade not childhood with thy withering breath,
Pass on, and touch not youth’s bright fragrant bower.

The minstrel, however, to be master of his art, must know how to touch every chord of that harp whose strings are human passions. In justice, therefore, to Mr. Ragg, we must allow him to vary his song. Let us turn then to ‘*Heber*,’ which, truth to say, despite our early objections to its plan, contains some redeeming passages of poetry. The following is from a scene laid in that poet’s Paradise—that Eden, marked out somewhere in the map of futurity, which, but for the unaccommodating Ocean of Time which inhospitably intervenes, would be, doubtless, overstocked with emigrants. But we must not laugh at that bright land of the imagination: it is the poet’s heritage of hope; the ‘*terra incognita*’ in which his only landed estate too generally lies, and which, if it be safe from the clutch of an attorney, ought, ‘*a fortiori*,’ to be sacred from the cynicism of a critic.

The earth is full of love, albeit the storms
Of passion mar its influence benign,
And drown its voice with discords. Every flower
That to the sun its heaving breast expands
Is born of Love. And every song of bird
That floats mellifluous on the balmy air
Is but a love-note. Heaven is full of love,
Its starry eyes run o’er with tenderness,
And soften every heart that meets their gaze,
As downward looking on this wayward world
They light it back to God. But neither stars,
Nor flowers, nor song of birds, nor earth, nor heaven,
So tell the wonders of that glorious name
As they shall be revealed when comes the hour
Of nature’s consummation, hoped for long,
When, passed the chequ’d vestibule of time,
The creature in immortal youth shall bloom,
And good unmixed with ill for ever reign.

* * * * *
The other twain
Listened delighted, and in under tone
They held sweet converse, such as lovers hold
When silence more expressive seems than words
And yet each word awakes a thrill of joy;
While the swollen heart’s big heavings press upon
The eyelids, as though light insufferable
Dazzled the orbs of sight and forced them down.
Him thus they listened, and exchanging smiles
Frequent and joyous, with each other toy’d
Like sportive children.

One more short extract, which appears to us to be true poetry, and we take our leave of the “Nottingham mechanic,” with a feeling of kindness and sympathy which we have caught from the perusal of his works.

Time was grown old. Man oft had pictured him
A hoary man with scythe and glass of sand,
Who, heedless of the sunshine or the storm,
With steady wing pursued his onward track.
But now his wings were weary, and their feathers
Had fallen one by one, till scarce they served

To bear him up above the grosser worlds
In ether. And oft longed the hoary one
His head to pillow on the broken clouds
Which soon should gather round the funeral pyre
Of earth, when he, overworn long, should sleep
Upon the bosom of eternity
The sleep of death, and frail mortality
Be swallowed up of life.

Turn we now to Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, who, according to any code of etiquette but that which prevails at the Muse’s levee, ought to have taken precedence of his humble fellow-visitor. The volume before us consists entirely of miscellaneous poems, and furnishes evidence of considerable taste and intellect; and is, altogether, one of the most fascinating drawing-room table books to which the autumn has given birth. The following is fanciful, and musical in its versification:—

Prussian Acid.

SONG OF THE SPIRITS OF DEATH.

“Feverish and fierce, the hurrying crowd
Can see no beauty in the tomb;

The eyeless skeleton, the shroud,

Appal them into hopeless gloom;

“These are the wrecks of Life—not Death,

Before whose loveliness benign,

Each earthly sorrow vanisheth

From all, who cross her calming line:

“Weak man with her identifies

A scythed monster, he miscalls;

Still this is Life, who as he flies,

Turns back, to mock the wretch who falls.

“We know her, in another guise,

Of deepening thought, and quiet love,

Serenely fair, divinely wise,

And changeless as the heavens above.

“We know her, as the faithful spouse

Of sleep from toil and evil free,

And around her pale and placid brows

Wreath’d blossoms of the Almond-tree.

“She loves the flower, she loves the fruit,

Because, within them hidden flows

An essence, rapid to transmute

Man to the dim caves of repose.

“Loud-throated war is swift to kill,

When cannon roar across the lea,

We honour him, but swifter still

The noiseless work of the Almond-tree:

“The Lord of pain, the Lord of grief,

Of fell despair, in it we see;

Proud Life is vassal to each leaf

That flutters from the Almond-tree.

“Pale genius, too forlorn to live,

When rest and hope like sunlight flee,

Finds, what the laurel will not give,

Upon its kindred Almond-tree.

“And wounded love, whose heart’s blood flows,

Like water searching out the sea,

May change its dead and mourned rose,

For chaplets, from the Almond-tree.

“Then rightly, does our Lady wear

This symbol of her sovereignty,

And we, in faith of spirit, share,

That reverence for the Almond-tree.”

Perhaps it would be difficult, from the present collection, to select any poem calculated to give a fairer idea of the writer’s powers than the subjoined epithalamium, which we have read with much pleasure:—

To Two Sister Brides,

WHO WERE MARRIED ON THE SAME DAY.

Not surely to unmix’d delight,

Not to unfeeling mirth,

These trembling veils of virgin white

And bridal orange-flowers give birth.

In the same cradle ye have slept

The sleep that only childhood may,

Together smiled, together wept,

Together knelt, and learned to pray.

Together!—in that solemn word

What depth of love, what meaning lies;

It is, as if the heart were stirred

By angel hymns from Paradise.

And now these twin-like years are o’er,

These clasping tendrils disentwined,

Your thoughts and hopes can flow no more

As channelled in a single mind.

Behind you, shifting rapidly

As the wild rack beneath the blast,

In mazy movement, flutter by

The dream-like tissues of the past.

Before you, full of mystery,

Age unbore their shadows fling;

Time, with its seed eternity,

Sleeps in each slender marriage ring.

What marvel, then, that as ye kneel,

There fall some consecrating tears,

That dizzily ye seem to feel

The motion of the moving spheres?

But though dim shapes the air may fill,
One spot of heaven smiles above,
Through which, with lustre calm and still,
Shines on your hearts, the star of love.

And wider yet, from day to day
That stainless spot on high, shall spread;
And yet more full, love's deathless ray,
Cover with light each graceful head.

Cold were the man whose eyes could rest
On this beloved and lovely pair,
Nor feel within his thrilling breast,
A gush of blessing and of prayer.

Ay, colder than the sunless north,
Than the frore gale that numbs the sea—
The heart that is not rushing forth,
Like brooks, by sudden spring set free.

Not such the multitudes, who press
To look upon you once again,
Irreverent tenderness,
And tears, half pleasure and half pain.

Oh, priceless tribute! these are they
Whose lives were soothed and raised by you;
Whom your gentle presence lay,
As upon flowers, the evening dew.

Their loss they know, yet it is borne
Without a touch of selfish fear;
Albeit, as if the spring were torn
For ever, from the rolling year.

Not human hearts alone—the skies,
(Nor over dark, nor over bright),
Are clad in mystic sympathies,
Of tender gloom, and chastened light.

So mild the sun, so soft the grey,
It almost seems, as if there were
A spirit, in the silent day—
A feeling on the lifeless air:

As if these lawns and woodlands, full
Of a deep instinct, resting not,
Mentioned away the beautiful,
In loving sadness, to their lot.

Yes—and for both that lot shall glow
With splendours, not the gift of time;
Keeping undimmed, through weal and woe,
The promise of its maiden prime.

High hopes are thine, oh! eldest flower,
Great duties to be greatly done;
To sooth, in many a toil-worn hour,
The noble heart which thou hast won.

Covet not then the rest of those,
Who sleep through life unknown to fame;
Fate grants not passionless repose
To her, who weds a glorious name.

He presses on through calm and storm
Unshaken, let what will betide;
Thou hast an office to perform,
To be his answering spirit bride.

The path appointed for his feet,
Through desert wilds, and rocks may go,
Where the eye looks in vain to greet
The gales, that from the waters blow.

Be thou a balmy breeze to him,
A fountain singing at his side;
A star, whose light is never dim,
A pillar, to uphold and guide.

Nay, haply, not of these alone,
This proud futurity is true;
Wreaths, on a green a laurel grown,
To thy bright sister may be due.

Your happy destiny has been,
To find another tie in them,
Who might have rudely dashed between
The sister roses on the stem.

Like double stars, the even beam
Of their young glory burns on you;
So that the world may dim
Her own, the brighter of the two.

Let this yet more your souls unite,
Into one wove thought and will;
Reflecting, like twin mirrors, light
And beauty on each other still.

In the 'Doncaster St. Leger' the poet has contrived to invest a modern race with something of the dignity of Pindar:—

Clear pearls the bell; (at that known sound),
Like bees, the people cluster round;
On either side upstartin them
One thick wall of breathing men,
Far down as eye can stretch, is seen
Along you vivid strip of green,
Where keenly watched by countless eyes,
Mid hopes, and fears, and prophecies,
Now fast, now slow, now here, now there,
With hearts of fire, and limbs of air,
Snorting and prancing—silding by
With arching neck, and glancing eye,
In every shape of strength and grace,
The horses gather for the race;
Soothed for a moment all, they stand
Together, like a sculptured band,
Each quivering eyelid flutters thick,
Each face is flushed, each heart beats quick!
And all around die murmurs pass,
Like low winds moaning on the grass.
Again—the thrilling signal sound—
And off at once, with one long bound,

Into the speed of thought they leap,
Like a proud ship rushing to the deep.
A start! a start! they're off, by heaven,
Like a single horse, though twenty-seven,
And mid the flash of silks we scan
A Yorkshire jacket in the van;

Hurrah! for the bold bay mare!
I'll pawn my soul her place is there
Unheaded to the last,
For a thousand pounds she wins unpast—

Hurrah! for the matchless mare!
A hundred yards have glided by
And they settle to the race,
More keen becomes each straining eye,
More terrible the pace.

Unbroken yet o'er the gravel road
Like maddening waves the troupe has flowed
But the speed begins to tell.
And Yorkshire sees, with eye of fear,
The Southrons stealing from the rear.

Al! mark his action well!
Behind he is, but what repose!
How steadily and clean he goes!

What latent speed his limbs disclose!

What power in every stride he shows!
They see, they feel, from man to man
The shivering spirit of terror ran,
And every soul instinctive knew,
It lay between the mighty two.

The world without, the sky above,
Have glided from their straining eyes—

Flame, heat, and, and all end love—

The life that wanes, the friend that dies,
Even grim remorse who sits behind
Each thought and motion of the mind,
These now are nothing, Time and Space
Lie in the rushing of the race;
As with keen slugs of hope and fear
They watch it in its wild career.

* * * * *

"Who leads? who falls? how goes it now?"
One shooting spark of life intense,
One throb of reluctant suspense,
And a far rainbow-coloured light
Trembles again upon the sight.
Look to yon turn! Already there
Gleams the pink and blace of the fiery mare.

* * * * *

Now—now—the second horse is past,
And the keen rider of the mare,
With haggard looks of feverish care,
Hangs forward on the speechless air,
In steady stillness, like a statue,
The moment of her speed to win.
One other bound—one more—is done;
Right up to her the horse has run,
And head to head, and stride for stride
Newmarket's hope, and Yorkshire's pride,
Like horses harnessed side by side;
Are struggling to the goal.

Ride! gallant son of Ebor, ride!
For the dear honour of the north,
Stretch every bursting sinew forth,
Put out thy nimost soul;

And with knee, and thigh, and tightened rein,
Lift in the mare by might and main;
The feelings of the people reach,
What lies beyond the springs of speech,
So that there rises up no sound
From the wide human life around;
One spirit flashes from each eye,
One impulse lifts each heart throat-high.
One short and panting silence broods,
O'er the wildly-working multitudes,
As on the struggling coursers press.

We have only room left for the following trifle:

To a Lady
WHO WORE GREEN, THE COLOUR SACRED TO THE FAIRIES,
ON FRIDAY.

"I am that lady of the air,
The fairy Amabel;
I come from the rose-constellated heart
Of a distant Indian doll.
I have left the graceful jessamine,
And flowers of burning bloom,
Whose cups are filled with fairy wine,
To seek this wintry gloom.

"I was floating above my tuberoses,
(Deep-hearted queen of flowers,)
Drinking the fragrance of its love,
In silent citron bower;
I chased the bright-winged moths away,
With passion's jealous care;
I folded it, from the sun's warm ray,
And the embrace of air.

"Then I saw my page, that hummin-bird
Whom I dipped in a shooting star,
Burn through the green and quiet wood,
Like a flying gem from fair.
And he said, that a sulen English gnome,
Who barbs the darts of snow,
From within his cold and lurid home,
Had sworn to thy fee.

"So I yoked my birds of Paradise,
Whose speed knows no decay,
To a car of light, which I have framed
Of the sun's violet ray.
And darted hither on the sigh,
Of a fairy-widowed rose;
That the lightnings of mine eye
Might chase away thy foes."

The History of the Jews, from the Taking of Jerusalem by Titus.—The design of this work is superior to its execution. The author proposed to himself a task of great interest, but seems to have been daunted, by the labour and research necessary for its completion. Instead of searching for the valuable records of wanderings and sufferings which exist among the Jews, he has been content to compile his narrative from ordinary authorities; and in consequence his work, both in comprehensiveness and accuracy, is far inferior to Milman's. The account of the missionary exertions made for the conversion of the Jews, is written with greater care than the rest of the volume, but it is defective in one important point—it does not give any view of the social and intellectual system of Judaism in the present day, without some knowledge of which it is impossible to form any estimate of the chances of Missionary success.

List of New Books.—*Holy Bible, with Introduction and Explanatory Notes*, by B. Bouthroyd, new edit. royal 8vo. 16. 10s. cl.—*Matthly's Greek Gradus*, 2nd edit. 8vo. 21s. bds.—*Statistical Exercises*, by E. C. Nunn, 2nd edit. improved, 18mo. 1s. svd.—*Farmer's Series*, "British Husbandry," Vol. III. 10s. cl.—*Geraldine*, 3rd edit. 1 vol. fe. 8vo. 6s. cl.—*Cairo, Potra, and Damascus* in 1839, by John Kinneir, post 8vo. 9s. 6d. cl.—*The Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*, by S. T. Coleridge, fe. 4s. 6d. cl.—*Smyth's Lectures on the French Revolution*, 3 vols. 8vo. 1s. 11s. 6d. cl.—*Tracts for the People*, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—*The Clockmaker, or Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick*, 3rd series, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—*Chronicles of Life*, by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—*Robert Macaire in England*, by G. W. M. Reynolds, 3 vols. post 8vo. 17. 11s. 6d. cl.—*The Little Esop*, 64mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—*Miss Pardoe's City of the Magyar*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 17. 11s. 6d. bds.—*Letters from under a Bridge*, and *Poems*, by N. P. Willis, post 4to. 20s. cl.—*Hence Walpole's Correspondence*, Vol. VI. 9vo. 14s. 6d. cl.—*S. E. L. Bulwer's Works*, Vol. X. "Pell-mell," 12mo. 6s. cl.—*Collier's Modern Novelists*, Vol. XIX., "Chester Pensioner," 12mo. 6s. cl.—*Wilton's Art of Needlework*, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—*Mrs. Sherwood's Gift of Friendship*, 18mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—*Leaves of Knowledge*, square, 2s. 6d. cl.—*Uncle John's Tales about the United Kingdom*, 2nd edit. square, 7s. 6d. cl.—*Peter Parley's Book of Poetry*, square, 2s. 6d. cl.—*Conqueror's History of Scotland*, 12mo. 2s. cl.—*Holland's Fallacies of Corn Law Repeal*, post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.—*The Statutes at Large*, Vol. XX. Part II. 3s. 4 Vict., 4to. 11. 5s. 6d. cl.—*Shipman's Attorney's Pocket Book*, new edit. 12mo. 12s. cl.—*Pickering's Statutes*, 3 & 4 Vict., 8vo. 22s. bds.—*Pratt's Magistrates and Parishionals*, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—*Tyson's Legal Hand-book*, 2d edit. 12mo. 5s. cl.—*Dr. Grey's Memoria Technica*, by J. H. Todd, 2nd edit. 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—*Recollections of the Lakes*, by the Author of "Moral of Flowers," fe. 7s. cl.—*Irish Life in the Castle, the Courts, and the Country*, 2 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.—*The Statutes at Large*, Vol. XXV. 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"Palmer's Ecclesiastical History," new edit. fe. 4s. 6d. cl.—*Rev. W. Wilson's Sermons on the Sacrament*, 12mo. 5s. cl.—*Tate's Continuous History of St. Paul*, 8vo. 13s. cl.—*The Transfiguration*, by the Rev. D. Bagot, 32mo. 1s. 6d.—*Introduction to the Evidences of the Divine Origin of the Christian Religion*, 12mo. 6s. cl.—*Edinburgh Church Lectures on Non-Intrusion*, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*Jinman's Individual Effort and the Active Christian*, 12mo. 7s. cl.—*Ramsay's Elementary Treatise on Latin Prosody*, 1 vol. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—*Ramsay's Extracts from Tibullus and Ovid*, 1 vol. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—*Sallust's Catiline and Jugurtha*, War, translated into English, 8vo. 8s. bds.—*Arnold's Practical Introduction to Greek Prose Composition*, 3rd edit. 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.—*The Choephorae of Aeschylus*, with Notes, by the Rev. T. W. Peile, 8vo. 12s.—*Schlegelauer's Lexicon to Herodotus*, 8vo. new edit. 14s. bds.—*Taylor's History of France and Normandy*, 2nd edit. 18mo. 6s. cl.—*Bellinger's French, English, and German Conversations*, 18mo. 4s. cl.—*Griggs's Italian Dictionary*, new edit, pearl, 12mo. 6s. road.—*Adcock's Engineer's Pocket-Book*, 6s. road tuck.—*Friendship's Offering*, 12s. bds.—*The Oriental Portfolio*, an Annual of Indian Scenery, folio, 2s. 6s. hf-bd.—*The Forget-me-not*, 12s. bds.—*The Juvenile Album*, 4to. 10s. 6d.—*Tenth's Keepsake*, 21s. silk.—*Hoscoe's Legends of Venice*, 4to. 21s. cl.—*Portraits of the Children of the Nobility*, 3rd series, 21s. silk.—*A Love Gift for 1841*, royal 32mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*Heath's Picturesque Annual*, 21s. silk.—*Heath's Book of Beauty*, 21s. silk.—*Finden's Tableaux*, Imp. 4to. 2s. 2d. morocco.—*Little Forget-me-not*, 10mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*Tis Friendship's Gift*, royal 32mo. ss. morocco.—"A Birthday Token," "A Bridal Token," "Memory's Token," 32mo. each 1s. 6d. cl., 2s. silk.—*Oliver & Boyd's Threepenny Almanac and Daily Remembrance for 1841*.—*The Excitements*, edited by the Rev. R. Jamieson, 4s. 6d. cl.—*Crutwell's Housekeeper's Account-Book*, 4to. 2s. svd.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL for OCTOBER, kept by the Assistant Secretary, at the Apartments of the Royal Society, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1840.	9 o'clock, A.M.			3 o'clock, P.M.			Dew Point at 9 A.M., see Fahr.	Diff. of Wed. and Thermometer.	External Thermometers.		Rain in Inches Reg'd at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.		
	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.			Fahrenheit.	Self-registering					
	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.		Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.				9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest	Highest			
T 1	30.022	30.016	55.2	30.044	30.036	56.2	50	04.6	55.3	57.3	51.7	57.7	S	Overcast—light fog and wind throughout the day, as also the evening.	
F 2	30.172	30.164	55.3	30.172	30.164	57.6	52	04.1	53.7	57.7	51.3	58.7	W	A. M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening, Fine & starlight.	
S 3	30.194	30.186	53.8	30.148	30.140	54.9	46	03.3	47.7	52.5	44.3	59.0	NW	A. M. Fine—clouds & wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind. Ev. The like.	
○ 4	30.084	30.076	53.3	30.080	30.074	55.5	49	02.8	51.2	55.0	46.3	54.6	NNW	A. M. Lightly overcast—light rain—brisk wind. P.M. Heavy clouds & light wind. Evening, Fine & starlight.	
M 5	30.100	30.092	52.2	30.078	30.070	53.4	48	03.0	49.5	49.4	46.4	57.2	NW	A. M. Overcast—light wind. P.M. Cloudy—light showers. Ev. Fine & starlight.	
T 6	30.126	30.118	51.0	30.118	30.110	53.2	45	02.6	45.4	52.4	42.6	55.3	.116	NW	Cloudy—light fog and wind throughout the day. Evening, Fine and starlight—frosty.
W 7	30.114	30.106	49.5	30.116	30.108	51.2	42	02.6	43.7	52.8	39.0	53.6	SSW	A. M. Fine—light clouds, with light fog and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light fog and starlight.	
T 8	30.266	30.258	48.0	30.252	30.244	48.7	41	02.4	40.7	50.3	36.8	53.9	S	A. M. Fine & cloudiness—light fog. P.M. Foggy. Ev. Fine & moonlight.	
F 9	30.326	30.318	46.7	30.282	30.276	48.0	39	02.4	40.3	53.8	40.0	51.6	WSW	A. M. Thick fog—light wind. P.M. Fine—nearly cloudy.	
S 10	30.318	30.310	46.7	30.292	30.284	48.8	41	03.4	45.7	55.2	39.8	55.4	N	A. M. Thick fog—light wind. P.M. Fine—nearly cloudy. Ev. Fine & starlight—light fog.	
○ 11	30.400	30.392	49.3	30.408	30.402	51.8	46	03.4	52.5	57.5	44.4	56.7	NE	A. M. Light overcast—light fog and wind. P.M. Fine—light wind. Ev. Fine & starlight—light fog.	
M 12	30.604	30.596	49.6	30.592	30.584	51.6	46	02.9	50.3	55.7	44.7	59.3	N	Fine & starlight—light fog throughout the day. Evening, Fine & moonlight—light fog.	
T 13	30.590	30.582	48.8	30.530	30.522	50.7	43	02.1	43.2	55.2	42.2	57.3	NNW	A. M. Thick fog—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind.	
W 14	30.401	30.398	48.6	30.308	30.300	50.4	42	01.2	43.2	58.2	39.7	56.6	SW	Fine—nearly cloudy—light fog throughout the day. Evening, Fine & starlight—light fog.	
T 15	30.258	30.250	50.4	30.152	30.144	51.3	42	02.3	43.7	53.8	41.9	60.7	S	A. M. Fine—light fog. P.M. Hazy—light fog. Ev. Cloudy—light fog.	
F 16	29.936	29.928	50.3	29.830	29.822	51.8	46	03.5	48.3	55.3	42.0	54.8	S	A. M. Light clouds and wind. P.M. Overcast—light rain. Evening, Overcast—light rain.	
S 17	29.812	29.804	53.0	29.900	29.892	53.8	49	02.5	54.8	53.3	48.0	56.7	.066	NW	Lightly overcast—light wind throughout the day. Evening, Overcast—deposition.
○ 18	30.026	30.018	52.2	29.936	29.932	53.0	47	02.5	50.8	53.5	49.0	56.8	SSW	Overcast throughout the day. Ev. Overcast—light rain—brisk wind.	
M 19	29.704	29.698	53.3	29.726	29.718	54.3	48	05.2	53.5	54.8	49.0	55.7	.133	NW	A. M. Cloudy—brisk wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds—brisk wind.
T 20	30.100	30.094	51.3	30.104	30.096	52.2	45	04.8	47.7	52.8	45.8	56.6	NW	Evening, Fine and starlight—light fog.	
W 21	30.156	30.150	49.7	30.120	30.112	51.0	41	04.0	47.5	51.8	42.2	54.6	NW	Fine—light clouds and wind throughout the day. Ev. Overcast.	
T 22	29.904	29.898	50.0	29.856	29.848	50.8	45	02.1	48.8	51.7	44.8	52.8	S	Overcast—slight rain—light wind throughout the day. Evening, Fine and starlight.	
F 23	29.960	29.952	49.6	29.856	29.848	52.0	42	02.4	45.2	52.2	43.7	52.7	.036	SSW	Fine & starlight.
S 24	29.556	29.548	49.6	29.556	29.548	50.2	43	03.2	45.2	47.2	42.5	53.2	.286	W	A. M. Overcast—light wind. P.M. Overcast—light wind.
○ 25	29.784	29.776	47.0	29.832	29.826	47.7	38	03.2	42.2	48.2	39.3	50.6	.102	NW	A. M. Fine—light clouds—light wind throughout the day. Evening, Fine & starlight.
M 26	29.886	29.878	44.3	29.826	29.818	46.2	37	02.0	39.2	47.8	35.4	49.3	W	A. M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Lightly overcast. Ev. Overcast—light rain.	
T 27	29.178	29.172	48.7	29.152	29.146	49.5	45	01.9	51.3	49.3	38.6	52.8	.302	W	A. M. Overcast—light rain and wind, as also throughout the night. P.M. Cloudy—light wind. Evening, Fine and starlight.
W 28	29.136	29.130	46.8	29.210	29.202	49.0	42	02.0	42.7	47.9	41.3	52.3	.061	S	A. M. Fine—light clouds and wind—rain early. P.M. Lightly cloudy. Evening, Overcast—light rain.
T 29	29.310	29.336	46.7	29.310	29.304	47.7	43	01.2	45.6	47.2	41.4	49.4	.033	NE	Overcast—light rain throughout the whole of the day. Ev. Overcast—light rain.
F 30	29.522	29.514	47.4	29.528	29.522	49.7	44	02.3	47.3	51.7	40.3	49.6	.338	E	A. M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Fine, with occasional showers. Evening, Fine and starlight.
S 31	29.564	29.558	48.5	29.564	29.558	50.7	45	02.0	47.3	51.5	43.2	52.8	ENE	A. M. Lightly overcast—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening, Fine and starlight.	
MEAN.	29.985	29.978	50.0	29.932	29.924	51.4	44	02.8	47.2	52.7	43.2	54.8	1.473	Sum.	9 A.M. 3 P.M. { 29.931 .. 29.875 C. 29.921 .. 29.866

Note.—The daily observations are recorded just as they are read off from the scale, without the application of any correction whatever.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE following particulars, respecting a negotiation for the purchase, by the British Government, of the Lucca Collection lately exhibited in London, will interest many of our readers. Last year an offer was made to Government of the entire collection, at the sum of 40,000*l.* Without questioning the value thus set by his Italian Highness on his whole "pig," it was not unreasonably desired to have a peep into the "poke" before purchase. A demur took place, whereupon our national agents merely declared, that should the Collection be sent to England, it was probable they might become bidders. This year came the Collection; but a private dealer (Mr. Buchanan) steps in hot-foot on its arrival, and buys four pictures—three Carraccis and a Honthorst, for 7,600*l.*—a circumstance which at once dissolved the above-said quasi engagement. To Mr. Buchanan, then, our negotiators take them, and offer 7,000 guineas for the three Carraccis alone, leaving him the Honthorst plus 100*l.* as a fair reward, due to his nimbleness. The dealer declines, much to our great connoisseurs' amazement, and to our own particular satisfaction. Out of the three Carraccis, two are good pictures, (as we have before said, *ante*, p. 595,) but still they are Carraccis—that is to say, works by very fourth-rate Old Masters, whose productions, moreover, are pictorial drugs, *con riverenza*. The third Carracci (by *Aniavile*) is a frigid piece of pseudo-classical painting, unworthy even of him, little above Raffael Mengs, and quite on a level with *Appiani*. To complete an extensive National Collection, Carraccis may be requisite, but 7,000*l.* should not be spent on them, while far better and needful pictures are purchaseable for less money. Thus, the exquisite double Altar-piece, by Old Francia, in the Lucca Collection, remains unbought at 4,000*l.*, our Committee of Taste having offered but 3,500*l.*—a sum which is, indeed, perhaps about its market-value, though much beneath the real one. So we are convinced Sir Joshua Reynolds would say, if he lived

now, even comparing the Francia with his favourite Carraccis. Popular voice, echoed by newspapers, is, we know, still against us on this subject; but a few such works as the Bolognese goldsmith's, hung up in our National Gallery, would, before long, give a higher tone to that voice, or we over-rate English preference for deep feeling and admirable simplicity above what is little more than mere conventional expression and mechanical adroitness. We do not know of such a fine work by Old Francia within the four seas—nor of many like it beyond them.

The daily papers announce the death of Sir Anthony Carlisle, in the seventy-third year of his age. For many years he was Professor of Anatomy at the Royal Academy. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Society, and an occasional contributor to the scientific journals and the *Transactions of the Linnaean and other Societies*.—Amateur art has also sustained a loss in the death of the Rev. John Thomson, minister of Dunblane, near Edinburgh, who died on the 28th ult., at the age, we have heard, of sixty-three. In London he was known by name only, for his pictures, consisting chiefly of views in his native country, seldom passed beyond the rooms of the Edinburgh Exhibition, where they were always among the most attractive works, and by engravings from them in the *Provincial Antiquities of Scotland*. Many, however, who have visited Abbotsford will recollect his noble view of Fast Castle, in Berwickshire, a present from the artist to Sir Walter Scott. This view looks from the land down on the ragged ruins, with a black sky above and a foaming ocean beyond. Nor was his companion view of Dunluce inferior, for he loved to paint, and excelled in stormy seas and murky skies. Mr. Thomson was a native of Ayrshire, and the brother of the Deputy Clerk Register of Scotland, the editor of Melville's *Memorials*.—By the Members of the British Association, and those especially who were present at the late Meeting at Glasgow, the death of Mr. N. P. Vigors, M.P. for Carlow, and of Dr. Cleland, which we have now to

add to our melancholy paragraph, will be read with something of a personal interest—for the one took an active part in the proceedings of the Zoological, and the other, as appears by our Reports, was a contributor to the Statistical Section. Mr. Vigors died, after a short illness, on the 26th ult. Dr. Cleland had been for some time declining in health.

The production of a drama, avowedly founded on circumstances involving the character and jeopardy of the life of a woman, who, being yet on her trial, ought to be regarded as innocent in the eye of the law, is a scandalous impropriety, which, in our opinion, would justify its being prohibited by the stage-liscenser; and the approbation by the public and toleration by the press of this violation of public decency tend strongly to confirm the opinion that the popular mind is not sufficiently enlightened, nor the feelings of the public sufficiently refined, to admit of the abrogation of the liscenser's function. We allude, of course, to the disgusting exhibition at the Adelphi Theatre, where the leading incidents of the trial of Madame Laffarge are garbled and mixed up with other revolting details of immorality and crime, so as to present a picture of society so brutal and profligate, that it is impossible for any one possessed of an ordinary sense of decorum to witness it without abhorrence. The attempt to disguise the naked atrocity of the incidents under a flimsy veil of false sentiment, only makes their influence more pernicious—for they are thus calculated to seduce and corrupt the weak and uneducated, because the motives of the actors are made to appear less criminal, and guilt, that might otherwise shock, only serves to fascinate; and the scenes of ribaldry and buffoonery introduced into the performance tends only to divert reflection, and to reconcile the grossness to the audience. Not the least offensive part of the matter is the impudent attempt of the manager to cover his mercenary motives by an affectation of morality and a regard for public virtue. To couple the idea of injustice with so wretched a proceeding would appear

to be taking too serious a view of it; but to assume the guilt of a party under trial has always heretofore been regarded as unjust, and, indeed, it may not be wholly without its influence. If, however, the accused had been either condemned or acquitted, the nature of the subject is such as to unfit it for stage-representation. 'Jack Sheppard,'—exhibited at the same theatre, on the same evening,—is an appropriate pendant to 'Laffarge.'

At the Royal Academy election, on Monday last, Charles Barry, Richard Redgrave, and Thomas Webster were elected Associates of that body. The list of candidates, fifty in number, was printed some time back in our paper (*Athen.* No. 662).

It is pleasant to find an amateur of pictures, whose fortune places him above the necessity of dealing, engaged in the delicate and troublesome task of smoothing the difficulties which occasionally arise between painters and their patrons, and to see the artists manifesting their grateful sense of such liberal aid. We are gratified, therefore, at having to record the presentation, on Monday last, of a piece of plate, with a suitable inscription, to Mr. Thomas Griffith, of Waterloo Place, by about twenty artists who have benefited by his services, including Messrs. Turner, Stanfield, Roberts, Uwins, Copley Fielding, Harding, and other eminent men. To those purchasers of drawings who prefer negotiating with a third person, who is by circumstances independent of both parties, it may be satisfactory to know that the artist fixes and receives the whole price paid for his productions.

In reference to the paper read by Sir David Brewster, at the late meeting of the British Association, 'On the cause of the increase of Colours by the Inversion of the Head,' we have received the following letter from Sir John Herschel:

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.—Sir.—In your report of the proceedings of the British Association, p. 845, No. 678, of your valuable journal, Sir David Brewster is reported to have read a paper 'On the cause of the Increase of Colour by the Inversion of the Head,' in which, after describing certain phenomena, he is further reported to have said:—"I am not aware of any author, except Sir John Herschel, having attempted to explain this phenomenon: he has, if I rightly recollect, done this in his work 'On Light'; but whether it is in that work, or not, I remember well that he ascribes the increase of the colour to the circumstance that the inversion of the head causes the pictures of the coloured objects to fall upon a part of the retina not accustomed to the exercise of vision, and therefore less fatigued by the impression of external objects, in the same manner as when we look long at coloured objects, the brilliancy of their colour, or of any adjacent object, is greatly diminished."—Sir David then proceeds to refute this explanation, and, it must be allowed, with perfect success. Allow me only to observe, that I think his memory must have deceived him in citing me as its author: as, so far from recollecting having ever assigned this, or any other reason, for the phenomenon in question, I have no recollection of ever having heard of it before: to which I may add, that on actually trying the experiment on the rich and finely variegated landscape now before me, as well as on various coloured objects in the apartment in which I write, I cannot say that I have been sensible of any such increase in the brilliancy of colours as that described, though I have kept my head inverted until a painful sense of giddiness and oppression has forced me to desist. Not that I intend, in the smallest degree, to suggest a doubt of the fact, as observed by others, but as it is thus shown to be either not general, or to require some particular management, or some peculiar state of bodily health for its production in my own person, I feel strengthened in the impression that Sir David Brewster must, by inadvertency, have connected my name with an explanation originating elsewhere.—I have the honour, &c.—J. F. W. HERSCHEL.

P.S.—I suppose there are few admirers of natural scenery unaware of the singular beauty of certain landscape combinations seen under such circumstances, especially where water enters as an element; still more where distant rocks, mountains, and trees are seen reflected in a lake, &c., &c. The objects seem more picturesquely grouped, and more artificially combined; but so it is also when such scenery is seen framed, as it were, by a window, by arching boughs, by a neatly-framed looking-glass, or in any other way, which, by calling up the ideas of a picture, excites at the same time the associations of art. This, however, seems quite independent of any superior brilliancy of colour, of which, when it does occur, I have no doubt Sir David's explanation is the correct one.

MECHANICS OF SCIENTIFIC INGENUITY (who wish to show the process of their works to the Public) are invited to make early application at the POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION for the rooms and positions appropriated for their purpose. Working Models and other Instruments, which may tend to demonstrate Practical and Experimental Science, also first class Works of Art, are now received, and will be brought before the Public on the RE-OPENING of the INSTITUTION, on the 30th instant, with the expense to the Depositors, whose names will be placed on the Free List.

R. J. LONGBOTTOM.

7th Nov. 1860.

Secretary.

N.B.—Mr. Mayham lectures to a CHEMICAL CLASS.—Analyses and Assays are attended to in the Laboratory.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.
NEW EXHIBITION, representing THE SHRIINE OF THE NATIVITY at Bethlehem, painted by M. Réminé, from a Sketch made by the artist during his visit to the Holy Land in 1855. "The spectator may almost suppose himself in the very birthplace of the Saviour."—*Times*. Also, THE CORONATION of Queen Victoria in Westminster Abbey, by M. Bouton. Open from Ten till Four.

METINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Asiatic Society	Two, p.m.
MON.	Geographical Society	Nine.
WED.	Royal Academy (Anatom. Lect.)	
TUES.	Zoological Society (Scient. Bus.)	1 p. Eight.
WED.	Society of Arts (Illustr.)	Eight.
THUR.	Literary Fund	Eight.
FRID.	Society of Arts	Eight.
THUR.	Royal Society of Literature	Four.
FRID.	Astronomical Society	Eight.

MISCELLANEA

Literature of Wales.—[From a Correspondent.]—The anniversary of the Welsh Literary Society of Abergavenny was held at that town on the 7th and 8th of October. Numerous prizes were adjudged; but one is deserving of particular notice, as the subject was open to all Europe. A prize of 80 guineas was offered for "the best treatise on the influence of Welsh Traditions on the Literature of Germany, France, and Scandinavia." It was to be written either in Welsh, German, English, or French—if in the first or second languages, to be accompanied by an English or French translation. Chevalier Bunsen was appointed umpire. Three treatises were sent in—the first written in German, with an English translation; the second in French; the third in German, with French translation: and to the latter, written by Prof. Schultz of Bromberg, the prize was adjudged. It is to be hoped that the Society will turn its attention also to the preservation of those Celtic remains which are now passing rapidly into oblivion

—in particular, to a dictionary of the Manx language, which is a great desideratum to philologists:—that of Kelly's exists in MS., and, for want of a better, would be valuable. I have also seen a prospectus of a Cornish-Welsh Dictionary, which is to be also a general dictionary of the Celtic tongues, similar to what Bopp and Pott have done for the Teutonic dialects; but this also languishes for want of subscribers. The first work to be published under the auspices of the Society for the publication of Welsh MSS., is the Liber Landavensis, or *Llyfr Teilo*, a record relating to Llandaff Cathedral; it is now in the press, and almost finished. A translation of the Myvrian Archaeology of Wales is also advertised by the Ven. Archdeacon Williams, Rector of the Edinburgh Academy.

Earthquakes at Naples.—Letters from Naples, dated 5th October, state that several earthquakes had been felt from Calabria to the Papal frontier; that Vesuvius had smoked for some days; and that an eruption was expected.

Volcano.—A letter from Batavia gives the following particulars of the eruption of the volcano called the Gunteer, at Preanger, last spring:—"On the 22nd of May the issue of smoke from the crater increased in volume till the evening of the 23rd, when it formed a column of between 250 and 300 feet high. At two in the morning of the 24th the ebullition became so violent that the burning lava flowed from the crest half way down the mountain like floods of molten metal. At six o'clock the crater threw up large quantities of sand and gravel. Some stones gathered up at Trogong were of the size of a man's fist, and others were evidently fragments of rock. This shower of stones lasted till nine o'clock, when the mountain became almost mute; but the sand and gravel rained down so thick that the Gunteer and the surrounding hills became invisible, and the neighbouring places, including Tjikadjang, which lies sixteen miles to the south, were enveloped in darkness. The quantity of matter that came down was so great that the ground at Trogong was covered to the depth of two inches. The aspect of the mountain is completely altered. The crater is three times wider than it was previous to the eruption; and the sides of the mountain, which were covered half-way down with shrubs, plants, and verdure, are now from its crest to its foot, one mass of black and arid rocks."—*The Times*.

Electricity.—A curious discovery in this branch of natural philosophy was made about a fortnight ago, in a boiler attached to a hauling engine, on the Cramlington Railway, near Newcastle. The engine-

man on attempting to lay hold of the lever of the safety valve, received what he describes as a severe blow, which nearly caused him to fall; he, a second time, attempted it, and received a similar blow. This having been made known, an examination of the boiler followed, and it was found that the steam which was escaping from a "blower" near to the safety valve, was highly charged with electricity. Our informant states that on himself placing one hand in the steam, sparks upwards of half an inch in length were emitted from the other, and this whilst he stood upon the masonry which was surrounding the boiler: so that had he been upon a glass stool the effects would have been much greater. This discovery is being followed up by experiments on other boilers. When the discovery was made, it was considered by many to be owing to the quality of the water used, which was pumped from the coal mine; subsequently, however, on trying the steam from a locomotive engine on the Newcastle and North Shields Railway, a great quantity of electricity was obtained, and the water used in this case was from the River Tyne.—*Durham Advertiser*.

Theatricals in the Provinces.—With a very few exceptions, the provincial theatres are in a most deplorable state. Even the fashionable towns, such as Bath, Brighton, Cheltenham, offer no inducement for managerial speculation. The Theatre Royal, Liverpool, formerly a highly lucrative concern, has been shut up by the last manager, who has sustained a heavy loss. The York circuit, now confined to Hull, Leeds, and York, barely covers incidental expenses. The Bath theatre, recently taken by Davidge, has not paid for many years, and is to be let, if a tenant can be had. The Cheltenham theatre, burned down in 1839, when under the management of Plunkett Grattan, had always been a losing speculation, nor is there any prospect of another theatre being erected in that favoured resort of fashion. The Gloucester theatre has been closed these two years, though to be had at a nominal rent. Brighton never does anything without the attraction of "bright particular stars," who pocket the lion's share of the receipts on their nights of performance. H. Bennett manages to make Coventry, Worcester, and Shrewsbury pay. The Leicester theatre, recently taken by Ducrow, is about closing its brief season, as the troupe remove to Manchester in a few days. Ternan has done fair business at Newcastle, and is forming a snug little circuit for his company. Beverly just gets bread and cheese at Shields and Sunderland. The Norwich theatre is generally closed one half the year, and does no great things the other. Burnett has had no success in any town of the circuit except Oxford, where he is well supported by the "gowns-men." The whole of the Kent circuit is miserable. Indeed country theatricals were never so low as at present.—*Morning Chronicle*.

The Claqueurs again.—Some sixteen months since (*Athen.* No. 608) we gave an account of a curious trial for "work and labour" done in this employment. The following, from *The Times* for "work and labour" not done is hardly less amusing.—The "undertaker of dramatic success" to one of the first theatres in the French capital had assigned a particular duty to M. Vermifue, a good-humoured-looking old man, who appeared at the bar, with both his arms thrust deep into the pockets of his outer garment.—*Judge.* What do you demand of M. Vermifue?—*Chef de Claque.* Five francs, of which he has defrauded the Claque administration.—*Judge.* By doing what?—*Chef de Claque.* By doing nothing at all. That is what I complain of.—*Judge* (to the defendant). What answer have you to make to this charge?—*Defendant.* I am an old soldier, not over rich, and therefore deprived of the means of going often to the theatre. *Pourtant*, I love it as I do my snuff-box. When my regiment was in Prussia I went to the theatre all the same, and at the burning of Moscow I was the last to leave the spectacle at the cry of "fire!"—*Judge.* Come to the facts.—*Defendant.* Since the re-establishment of peace (curse it!) I have found means of going to the play at a trifling expense, to the royal theatres at half price, *droit de claqueur*, and to the others for a third. Well, the other day I presented myself at the Café of the Reunion, and was told to take a *petit verre*. Now, that is a thing I never take. "If you desire to belong to the *claque*," was the answer I got, "the *petit verre* is indispensable. It is necessary to con-

sume." Thereupon I tossed off, and paid for the *petit verre*, gave my money to the chef, who confided me to the charge of the brigadier-claqueur, and we entered the pit a dozen of us together, comfortably seating ourselves before the doors were opened, *sans faire queue*.—*Judge*. You had agreed to clap at certain indicated periods.—*Defendant*. My engagement was to applaud, and the applause was given in a hundred different manners. Some laughed, some wept, some shook their heads, some sobbed convulsively, some made a constant use of their pocket-handkerchiefs, some made raw their palms, and others clattered on the floor with the soles of their boots.—

Chef de Claque. The formal engagement was to applaud with their hands.—*Defendant*. The particular mode was all a matter of taste and choice. You chose to exercise your hands; I did not. The moment the piece was commenced, the thumps of Monsieur le Chef de Claque's cane produced a marvellous effect. The claqueurs raised an infernal clatter. The baton of the conductor in the orchestra was not more incessantly in motion than our chef's cane, and the *bruyant* orchestra under his command, to do them justice, kept up a devil of a din. The "cross fires," the "secondary salvos," the nice shadowings of polite emotion, the dictatorial words of critical acumen—all were managed with most admirable tact, while from all the mob localities arose incessant thunder, insuring to the last new garb a triumphant success.—*Chef de Claque*. You certainly did not contribute to this success.—*Defendant*. I applauded heartily in intention. The intention is accepted for the act itself. (Laughter).—*Chef de Claque*. Monsieur was warned of the necessity of joining in the *claque*, but remained with his hands in his pockets. His answer to every remonstrance was that he could not continue clapping the whole evening. Well, he has returned since three different times to get himself enrolled again in my corps of *artistes manipulistes*. The official functions connected with the duties of my department are so extensive, and involve the necessity of meeting such a number of new faces, that I engaged him each time, forgetting that I had met him before. Well, this clapping-man (*homme à claque*) did not clap at all. (Much laughter).—*Defendant* (joining in the laugh). *C'est vrai!* I took up the post of a solitary interrupter, chief, as it were, of the hostile forces, and what more useful post, with a view to draw down universal plaudits? Of course, I clapped no longer.—*Judge*. Why?—*Defendant*. I flattered myself for a good reason. (Drawing forth the stump of his left arm from his coat-pocket.) There's a little impediment, *voyez-vous*; the hand is wanting! The judge erased the cause from his list, in the midst of the universal laughter of the audience, while the discomfited *Chef de Claque* made himself scarce with the utmost possible despatch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a letter from Mr. Spencer, of Liverpool, respecting our Report of the discussion which took place at the Association (Section B., Wednesday, andc., p. 846), relating to the discovery of the Galvanoplastic or Electropoly. Mr. Spencer is pleased to say that our Report is "almost the reverse of truth," that he is morally convinced that this is not to be attributed to the gentleman who furnished the Report, but that the paragraph was concocted in London, and the misrepresentation intentional. Now, though it is the duty of the Editor, and a very troublesome one, to arrange, modify, or abridge, these Reports, it does happen that this particular paragraph was printed *verbatim* from the MS., except that two lines at the close, wherein the writer offered an opinion, were struck out, because a letter, received from Mr. Spencer, marked "private," in which he very ingeniously attempted to pre-judge us against Prof. Jacobi, foreshadowed and forewarned us of a controversy.—The only substantive contradiction attempted in Mr. Spencer's long letter is this:—"In your Report," he observes, "it is said that the date, 5th October 1839, given in Prof. Jacobi's pamphlet, as the period when he made his communication to the Petersburg Academy, 'was stated to be a typographical error. This I distinctly deny. If such error existed—which is possible—it should have been exposed publicly, and in *my hearing*; it being one of the most important points between us.'—We admit that it is a most important point; but it must not be inferred, from the emphatic italics, that, had such an assertion been made in Mr. Spencer's hearing, he was prepared to disprove it,—to prove, in fact, that the communication was not made to the Academy by Prof. Jacobi before October 1839; for Mr. Spencer knows perfectly well that the communication to the Academy was announced in *der St. Petersburger deutsches Zeitung* of 30th October 1838, and in the *Athenæum* itself in May 1839, months before Mr. Spencer made any such publication as can be received in evidence.

Erratum.—Page 861, column 3, line 28, for "Sir Walter," read *Waller*.

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